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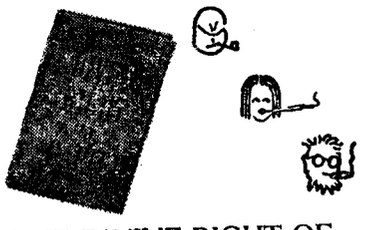

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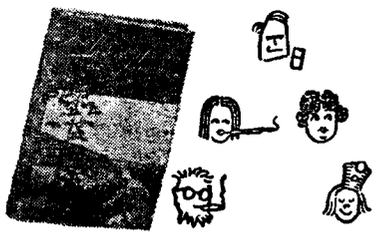

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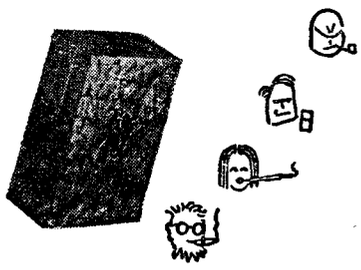

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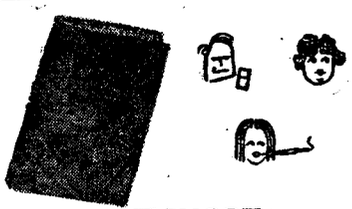

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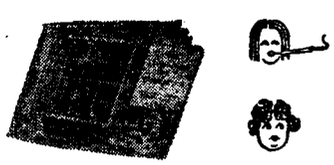

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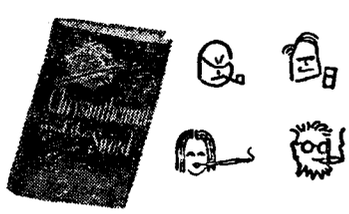

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 115, NO. 22 NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1946 NUMBER 1670

The Temperature Is Rising

Ready for a Take

Washington

LIKE AN ACTOR moving out of the wings and into the glare of the floodlights, John L. Lewis left his colonial home in Alexandria to break his two-day solitude. He might have been a grease-paint warrior carrying a wooden spear. He pushed open the door with a grand gesture, paused to survey the crowd gathered around the old mansion, then struck a regal pose for the eager photographers.

There he was, the villain of the moment and enjoying every bit of it—a sturdy figure, black hat pulled down over his forehead, bushy gray hair straggling from under the brim, eyebrows like a thick daub of black paint, heavy jowls, scornful eyes reinforced by a contemptuous line on the right side of his face.

The cameramen worked frantically, shooting, shifting to new positions. John Lewis waved to them. It was the kind of gesture a theatrical star might give to his loyal followers. The mine king rumbled, "Take your time, boys." Some smiled in grateful appreciation. Others merely grunted. Reporters crowded as close as they dared with pencils raised to take down each precious word. But King John said no more. He imperiously waved the reporters aside and strode toward his car.

The spectators watched this scene in silence. There were no cheers or hisses. Just hard eyes watching every move. When the limousine roared off, people exchanged a few casual words, then drifted away.

Lewis is a careful student of drama and understands the need of parceling out his appearances so the public will not grow tired and turn to the comics. He remained in his office at UMW headquarters until shortly after noon. When he came out there was once again a little pause, a quick, almost unseen smile of satisfaction. Then the dramatic face froze into a mask of stern majesty. Fellow mine-worker officials, who have never lost their awe of Lewis, pressed their faces to the windows to follow his progress across the street.

All along the route, across Fifteenth Street to I, to K, and on to the Carlton Hotel, John Lewis was accompanied by photographers and reporters trotting along by his side. The cameramen rushed ahead several paces, knelt, shot. A newsreel man said with elaborate politeness, "When you make your statement, Mr. Lewis, don't forget the newsreels."

Big John said not a word. Not a single muscle in his face changed. His eyes were cold and impassive. But he was conscious of the attention, of the curious looks of the people on the street. When a desperate reporter pleaded "For Crisakes, John, gimme a coupla lines, I gotta make a deadline," Lewis turned to him, and without slowing his pace, bestowed a beneficent smile on the lad.

Labor Split on Lewis

Washington

A RANK-AND-FILE revolt in labor against CIO and AFL support of John L. Lewis in the current coal strike was being organized last week with implications that may be far-reaching. Starting in the American Newspaper Guild, the movement was an attempt to split labor off from support of Lewis in an effort to save face before the public, which has the impression that labor generally is supporting the breaking of contracts by unions.

The movement is lining up behind a statement proposing that the solution of the problems of coal miners is not to be found in the breaking of contracts, but in the nationalization of the coal industry.

Balkan Border

Salonika

THE ROAD looks and feels as if shells and bombs, in preparation for a major offensive, had been showered on it for days; the mountains drop steeply and leave no more than a yard or so of free passage. Woods obscure the view across hairpin bends every other yard along the path to the Greek-Yugoslav frontier.

As if it had grown out of the ground, there appears a ragged group of picturesquely fierce fellows with rifles across their shoulders, ammunition belts bulging around their waists, their heads covered with scarves which would make Fifth Avenue sit up. If you are English or American you are unwelcome; if you are just a stranger you are suspect; if you have cigarettes or K-rations you may make the grade. These are some of the men who make world newspaper headlines. They are members of the NOF, the Slav-Macedonian counterpart of the EAM.

A noise in the distance and you find yourself deserted as quickly and unexpectedly as you were met. Before long, you meet up with a weary second lieutenant, a native of Thebes, unshaven, hungry and uncertain of himself. He has a platoon of twenty-odd soldiers. Their patrol duty fills them with the

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fear of God. One of them fires into the forest. In the distance six shots provide an ominous multiple echo. A courier rides up to summon the platoon to rally with "the main force" to the south at Skra, a location which few maps reveal but which is the center of revolt.

For some time the villagers in the neighborhood have spent their days in idleness, their nights in fear. Few have left the borders of their village, since bandits and nervous, trigger-happy gendarmes roam the countryside. "Locals" are strangers to the warring factions, but if you hear that "civil war is raging on a large scale" you had better try to find confirmation from one who has actually seen more than a hundred men engaged in combat.

Rumors abound. Further north Spitfires—from the Greek Army—are said to be seeking out "bandit nests." If they move across the border into Yugoslavia they face accurate and relentless anti-aircraft fire. Gendarmes and ground troops show little inclination to move as far as that.

Night raids are frequent. Crude hand-made bombs are thrown into the local tavern one night because the innkeeper's son has gone to join his comrades in the mountains. There is concentrated fire on ELAS headquarters the next night because the police are using it as a resting place. Women wince and children cry, but that is nothing unusual in these parts.

Further away in Lamia, Larissa and Janitsa, gold-braided Greek officers take the affair more seriously. They pore over maps, bark into field telephones and send out couriers in baby tanks and armored cars.

The campaign against the invaders from the north and northwest—and guerrillas certainly take little notice of the frontier—is planned to the minutest detail. The spirit is there and field officers respond. But the troops—police and military—are unreliable, difficult to keep in line and always anxious to seek an easy way out of the "little war" in which they have no stake. Sometimes an "enemy" is caught, beaten and mutilated and his screams split the velvet night. Each side must share the blame for outrages such as the Western mind hates to contemplate.

As I write this, there is little activity; not more than perhaps two hundred men in all are engaged in skirmishes. It may be a thousand tomorrow, more next week when the worn nerves of the harassed villagers snap and they join in the crusade that may set part of Greece—torn by Italian and German invasions and the Allied liberation—aflame again.

Cash-Register Colonels

London

THE LONDON *New Statesman and Nation* called it "deeply repugnant to British ideas. . . . That a large number of American administrators [in Germany] have been in fact businessmen temporarily dressed in uniform making private arrangements for their own firms is common knowledge. . . . Unfortunately, there is now definite evidence of similar practices in the British zone. If the amalgamation of the two zones is carried through without a drastic change . . . the American practice . . . may spread unchecked all through the British zone."

Atom in Congress

Washington

EUGENE DONALD MILLIKIN, conservative Republican Senator from Colorado, probably will be the new chairman of the Senate-House Atomic Energy Committee in the next Congress. Few persons in Washington believe the Republicans will retain Brien MacMahon as chairman to demonstrate their intention of keeping atomic-energy control a bipartisan issue.

Senator Vandenberg, who has first call on the chairmanship, is expected to pass it up because of his certain election as Senate president and chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

The naming of Millikin as committee chairman ordinarily would touch off no celebrations in the progressive camp. On the *New Republic* score card for 14 major issues in the last Congress, Millikin cast 13 conservative votes. But there are two special considerations in this case: (1) Millikin's exceptional efforts on behalf of the Atomic Energy Development and Control Act, especially the section dealing with patents; and (2) the alternative to Millikin.

The alternative apparently would be Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, (R, Iowa), who is next to Millikin in GOP seniority on the committee. Hickenlooper failed during debate on the atomic-energy bill to show any grasp of the enormous issues involved. He provided a good indication of his political philosophy when he offered an amendment to the full-employment bill which would have prevented the government from continuing to operate such enterprises as the TVA and the Rural Electrification Administration.

Moving slowly and carefully in taking up its stupendous and uncharted job, Lilienthal's commission last week made an inspection tour of the properties it will take over, including the atomic plants at Los Alamos, New Mexico, and Oak Ridge, Tennessee. It still had not acquired permanent quarters in Washington. There may be a noisy floor fight, led by Senators Kenneth McKellar and Tom Stewart of Tennessee, when Lilienthal comes up for Senate confirmation in January. As chairman of the board of the TVA, Lilienthal stoutly resisted patronage demands of E. H. Crump's Tennessee political machine, which keeps McKellar and Stewart in the Senate. However, most informed observers believe that Lilienthal will be confirmed by a comfortable majority.

"Voice of America"

Washington

IT HASN'T been announced yet, but the State Department hopes early in 1947 to set up an autonomous foundation, financed by the government but directed largely by private citizens, to operate the "Voice of America" broadcasts to other nations. Necessary legislation is now being prepared.

Assistant Secretary of State William Benton is taking the step in an effort to obtain greater backing for the short-wave program from commercial networks and press associations, as well as from Congress. Benton wants to end contentions that the broadcasts are government propaganda.

Present plans call for a governing commission of about 15 members, chosen largely from press and radio. The Secretary of State or someone designated by him would be chairman. He would be the only government representative. All official ties between the "Voice of America" and Benton's Office of International Information and

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Cultural Affairs would be cut. Much of the present "Voice of America" operating personnel would be retained, at least for the time being, however.

Today, the "Voice" is only a whisper of its wartime self, when it was operated by the Office of War Information and the Office of Inter-American Affairs. Someone recently called it "a feeble echo" of the British Broadcasting Corporation. David Sarnoff, head of RCA, has estimated that an effective American international short-wave program could cost at least $20 million a year. The budget for the whole international information program, of which radio is only a part, is about $19 million this year.

But there is life in the "Voice of America" yet. Officials are rushing plans to begin short and medium-wave broadcasts into Russia about January 1. Two 50,000-watt transmitters are being set up in Munich, Germany, to relay the Russian programs from New York. Program plans call for an hour-long program in Russian each evening. It will consist of roughly 30 minutes of news, with the remainder of the period devoted to music and commentary. The most interesting project will be a "University of the Air" forum in Russian.

How effective the Russian programs will be is a matter for speculation. It is believed that Soviet citizens had between 50,000 and 75,000 receiving sets at the start of the war. Russian soldiers may have brought home a similar number from enemy countries. Radio Moscow announced recently that 325,000 new sets would be ready for distribution by the end of 1946, and the current five-year plan calls for production of about 925,000 sets annually.

So far as Washington knows, Moscow never has commented on the American plan to broadcast into Russia. The Soviets said nothing when the BBC started a similar project recently, but suddenly began to broadcast from Riga on the same wave length the BBC was using for its Latvian programs.

Russia recently withdrew the short-wave facilities by which American network correspondents in Moscow had broadcast to the United States. The explanation was that these facilities had been provided only on a "temporary" basis during the war. No one could hazard a guess as to whether this action was related to American intentions to broadcast to Russia.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

AFTER THE LAND SLID

The World's Troops

New York

WHEN THE AGENDA for the United Nations was first announced there were widespread and authoritative reports that the delegates would come to verbal blows over this or that item. Most of the predictions have been accurate so far, but last week one of the Assembly's most explosive items came up for discussion in an atmosphere of relative friendliness.

This was the Soviet proposal asking the Assembly to request the Security Council to find out the number of troops and bases in foreign territory. Molotov opened the debate with a resolution requesting information on:

1. Where and in what numbers UN members have troops stationed—in ex-enemy as well as in other nations.

2. Where and in what size the members maintain air and naval bases abroad in ex-enemy and member states.

The proposal was similar to the one Gromyko had presented to the Security Council last summer but it differed in two important respects. It applied to ex-enemies and it was introduced, not as a threat to the peace but as a measure to secure the peace.

Molotov had come a long way. He indicated that he might go still farther at a later date. The problem of troops in home territory must be solved, he admitted, thereby suggesting that he supported Senator Austin's position, in principle at least. But the Soviet policy is to wait until the implications of troops abroad have been discussed and analyzed. Then the numbers of troops at home can be discussed as part of the general disarmament problem.

Molotov had made enough concessions to give the delegates cause for joy. There had been little truculence and rancor in his speech and the Russians were now committed to support a point which the West had been advocating for some time. In broader terms, the speech seemed to indicate a greater willingness on the part of the Soviet Union to coöperate and compromise.

It was therefore somewhat disturbing to have Senator Connally follow Molotov with one of the most bitter and ill

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founded attacks ever made. Connally had the Russian resolution before him; he presumably had been listening to Molotov's speech. But instead of welcoming the concessions, he attacked Soviet policy in Eastern Europe and the Far East, argued vituperatively that a troop census should apply to former enemy countries as well as others, and in general displayed both a lack of perspective and a frightening lack of knowledge about the facts at hand.

The press was lenient with Connally, but the US delegation was perturbed enough to be on the defensive about the speech the following day. At a delegation press briefing, Connally's statements were dismissed as "a slight misinterpretation."

Ernest Bevin's speech on the subject, in contrast, was no "slight misinterpretation." Britain's Foreign Minister took an entirely new line. He maintained that a troop census should be part of a disarmament discussion and that the two items should be considered together. In taking this stand he was opposing not only the Soviet Union but also the United States, which feels that troop placements and disarmament should be considered separately. The US would, however, like to get figures on troops inside the Soviet Union along with the figures on troops stationed elsewhere.

The British propose to lump everything together. The implications in this policy are clear: By bringing troop discussion within the framework of general disarmament discussion, conclusions and action could be considerably delayed while Britain consolidates her empire strategy and formulates a policy for UN action; moreover, the political implications of US troops in China and US bases in Panama despite that country's opposition, the political dynamite of British troops in Palestine and Greece, lose some of their explosive qualities when considered along with Russian troops at home and within the peaceful framework of disarmament.

In theory the delegates were moving closer together on these vital problems, but the practical aspects were still obscured by fear politics and ideological disagreement.

Yes!

New York City

Quip of the week (from the New York newspaper *PM*): John L. Lewis is a Republican. Had enough?

Standard Procedure

Washington

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY James Forrestal went to bat for Standard Oil of California last week when the House Naval Affairs Committee had a called session to discuss the Elk Hills oil-contract dispute.

Standard has asked that the contract for operation of the vast California reserve, one-third of which was owned by Standard, be amended so that the Navy would pay $400,000 of the $600,000 readiness costs required for testing to keep the reserve in good condition for future emergency. Last Monday Forrestal introduced his own proposal: that the government give Standard 32 percent, or $200,000, of the $600,000 readiness cost. This proposal was met with strong opposition by committeemen Lyndon Johnson (D, Tex.) and Andrew Biemiller (D, Wis.), who feel that the contract giving Standard of California the exclusive right to develop the rich oil field is already too favorable to the giant corporation.

Some observers say the simple solution to the controversy would be to offer the contract, now held by Standard, on a competitive-bid basis to other companies, then step back and watch Standard scramble to withdraw its proposal.

A Communist Spain?

Flushing Meadow

DELEGATES to the UN now understand that this General Assembly may be a great success or a disastrous failure. Spain has become the deciding issue.

A majority of the delegates favor the resolution backed by the Giral government to cut off all imports from Spain. Giral has pointed out that this action will increase available foodstuffs in the country while at the same time isolating and destroying the regime of Franco.

This resolution may fail to get the necessary two-thirds majority because of the opposition of Britain, America and some Latin American delegations. One thought paralyzes this group—fear of communism. They point to the Communist member of Giral's cabinet, appointed after the failure of the Security Council to act, as proof that action by the UN now will bring communism to Spain.

Giral maintains that the exact opposite is true. In France, the French Communist Party is almost certain to be given the War Ministry. Jacques Duclos, the Communist leader, has let Giral know that if the UN fails to act, France will send military supplies and, if necessary, troops to drive Franco out of power. If Duclos, and not the UN, causes Franco's downfall, a Communist government will take power in Spain.

Life, Age Ten

New York

LIFE magazine celebrated its tenth birthday the other day with an anniversary issue in which it congratulated itself and America for having grown so great. In three Massachusetts counties, though, the issue was banned as containing objectionable paintings and in some upper New York State towns it was removed from newsstands as well. As a service to readers who had to go without their copies as a result, the *New Republic* presents some highlights of *Life's* birthday portrait of America.

Shirley Temple had grown up, *Life* reported in pictures—and so had America. Mark Sullivan observed that during these ten years the words "Sir" and "Madam" had fallen into disuse, thus proving that America had undergone a "social-leveling" process. Another sign of American progress hailed by *Life* was the fact that we would soon be able to sprinkle dry-ice pellets on clouds over cities in order to make them produce snow for Christmas. And what were the wishes of the American people on this birthday? "Americans Yearn for Rosy Future of Rich Cars and Wondrous Homes," *Life* summed up, showing a picture of a "dream car" which "costs thousands." Also included in *Life's* panorama of the American "Family Utopia" was a $1,795 television and radio receiver and a $48,500 helicopter. The picture was so crowded, though, that such items as security, peace and democracy didn't get in.

Everything was great, said *Life*, except labor unions. And the editors had a formula for making us even greater. Under a picture of a sharp-beaked eagle that was about to scream, they printed an ad calling on us to carry on strong

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diplomacy by means of ambassadors named "Turbo-Generator" and "Machine Tool" and to sell $10 billion worth of these and other things per year to the outside world. And if the outside world didn't want to take our line of goods or didn't like our way of doing things? *Life* had the answer to that, too: it ran a full-page ad in which the Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corporation announced that its new superbomber "could drop an atomic bomb on *any city in the world.*"

The future, *Life* summed up, "is strange and wonderful."

Included Out

Washington

AFTER Navy Secretary Forrestal sided with Standard Oil of California on the Elks Hills dispute, Committeeman Lyndon Johnson (D, Texas) is reported to have asked:

"Mr. Secretary, since you are arguing for the Standard Oil Company on this case, who is representing the people of the United States?"

Tax Axer

Washington

REPRESENTATIVE Harold Knutson, of Minnesota, chief congressional spokesman for big taxpayers, is doing a high-wire act that startles even his Republican friends. He is going to cut taxes, balance the budget and pay off the national debt—at the same time.

All this is based on Knutson's business expectations: revenue, $40 billion; spending, $32 billion; tax reduction and debt payment, $8 billion. The trouble is that even some Republicans fear that production and government revenue will slump next year. Since Knutson is their chief spokesman on tax issues in the House, they're afraid that the voters will take his promises as party pledges.

The smarter Republicans also realize that the party would make a disastrous political mistake if, after 14 years of calling for a balanced budget, it should cut taxes to the point where a balanced budget was impossible.

Furthermore, if Knutson should cut taxes by 20 percent at a time when a business recession is due, military appropriations, which the Republicans strongly want to maintain, would suffer.

If a recession sets in, this is what liberals can expect as a direct result of a tax program along Knutson's lines:

1. Less money for enforcing monopoly and health laws.
2. Less money for public housing.
3. Less money for education.

British By-Elections

London

WHILE the Labor Party whips studiously scrutinized the list of 122 MP's who deserted the Bevin line and refrained from voting in the crucial foreign-policy division, party managers drew solid comfort from two by-election results showing that labor still can retain strategic parliamentary seats despite foreign-policy differences within the party.

The weathercock London constituency of North Paddington, represented by Churchill's crony Brendan Bracken until the last general election, returned W. J. Field with a majority of nearly 3,000 over the Conservative. Labor's majority was halved, but the Tory vote remained static.

At the other by-election, in the heart of London's dockland, a Transport Union official, R. J. Mellish, retained Sir Ben Smith's old seat with a comfortable 4,000 majority over his Liberal and Tory opponents. The most interesting feature of the contest was the fact that the Liberal polled nearly three times as many votes as the Conservative, who forfeited his $600 deposit by failing to register an eighth of the votes cast.

These results have cast down Tory hopes that the Republican victory in the United States will provide an example for the British electorate. The Communist failure, too, in recent elections proves that the Labor floodtide is still running at a little less than the general election torrent.

AMVET Convention

St. Louis, Mo.

AMVETS is well on its way to becoming the junior Legion of this war. Its program and leaders are of the same caliber; there is the same general distrust of progressive ideas.

The national convention here has been lethargic and dull. The election of a national commander and merger with the rival American Veterans' Committee were almost the only hot issues. Both the leading candidates for commander, Warren Wright, a 51-year-old retired Chicago banker, and Ray Wright, a 31-year-old FCC lawyer from Washington, took pains to disclaim any good will toward the AVC merger idea in view of the obvious general hostility to it.

A strikingly large number of the delegates here are between 40 and 50. Of the estimated 1,000 AMVET posts in the country, less than 300 are represented. Indications are that the organization plans to stay away from controversial issues, concentrate on veterans' legislation, Americanism and social gatherings.

Minor Error

Rome

AT THE Rome trial of Colonel General Eberhard von Mackensen and Lieutenant General Kurt Maelzer for the massacre of 335 Italian civilians in the Ardeatine Caves in March, 1944, SS Colonel Kappler explained he had acted "humanely." At first, he said, he had included only enemies of nazism. Requiring more victims, he added 57 Jews, then another 50. The Italian police gave him six too many. They were shot anyway. The list, he explained, had not been checked too carefully.

The Bricks Fly

Washington

THE NATION still waited for housing. In Washington, bricks were flying, but only at the Administration. The specific targets, as usual, were men who fought for low-cost housing; the pitchers, real-estate lobbyists.

The American Legion housing committee wanted to abolish the National Housing Agency and the Federal Public Housing Agency. It urged doing business with the Federal Housing Administration's Raymond M. Foley, rather than with advocates of low-cost public housing, like Wilson W. Wyatt and Dillon S. Mayer.

The National Association of Home Builders, offspring of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, cried that the NHA was knocking together "barracks, igloos, shacks, quickies and slums . . . not good enough for the veteran." Its solution: let conventional

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builders put up temporary homes—at greater cost to the veteran.

In the midst of these wranglings, one veterans' organization set out to see for itself how good really low-cost houses could be. In Chicago, a group of delegates of the Veterans of Foreign Wars prowled around a model of the famous Lustron porcelain-enamel steel house, factory-built for an expected $8,300. They liked it.

Trial Balloon

Washington

AN ATTEMPT by the Scripps-Howard papers to rid themselves of the daily column by Thomas L. Stokes, the most widely printed liberal columnist now published, was seen by some observers as the Washington *Daily News* dropped the Stokes column twice last week. One of the unpublished columns was a denunciation of the attempt by conservative Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio) to squeeze liberal Senator George D. Aiken (R, Vt.), out of the chairmanship of the Senate Labor Committee.

The New York *World-Telegram*, another S-H paper, used to drop many of Stokes's columns until the New York newspaper *PM* printed the fact. Protests from readers and liberal groups stopped the practice.

Big Inch and Big John

Washington

THE Big Inch pipelines worry John L. Lewis. Converted to carry natural gas across the nation, they could threaten his power more ominously than a dozen federal injunctions. His United Mine Workers, at their last convention, showed this fear when they passed a resolution condemning the whole idea.

But the facts could give Lewis some satisfaction. The enormous cost and delay involved in converting the lines to an inefficient operation at best, makes the project a poor business risk. But Big Inch is still cheap for carrying oil, cheaper than the methods used by the major oil corporations. And oil is a strong competitor of coal and gas for use in heating the nation's homes.

Consumer Resistance

Washington

THE EFFECT of consumer resistance on some prices was disclosed by a Bureau of Labor Statistics report showing that in 12 large cities the cost of 20 foods dropped from one to two percent during the first two weeks of November. Meats, poultry, butter, eggs and oranges led in the downward price swing. Round steak dropped 17 cents in Washington, where a consumer movement has been organized against buying any meat costing more than 60 cents a pound.

The BLS also disclosed that from September 15 to October 15 the cost of living rose 1.7 percent, which, if it continued, would mean a yearly rate of 20 percent.

Kid Stuff

Detroit

MORE THAN 80,000 students in 136 Detroit public schools held mock congressional elections. They voted Democratic, by a landslide.

Things to Watch Out For

If the gestures which Argentina's Peron government is finally making toward rounding up German agents result in a list of deportees which include such names as Becker, Harnisch, Doege and Utzinger, it will signify that Peron finally means business on his promises. If such names are not included, his round-up can be interpreted as another trick play.

Negotiations on the projected $50-million credit to Czechoslovakia will most likely be resumed in a month to six weeks. State Department indignation toward Prague has cooled off considerably as the result of: (1) an abrupt end to the "dollar-diplomacy" charges against the US in the Czech press; (2) the Czech government's announcement that it subscribes to American ideas on world trade; (3) official assurances that Americans will be fully compensated for any properties taken over under the Czech nationalization program.

The $40 million surplus-property credit originally allotted to Czechoslovakia by the US but canceled by Secretary Byrnes at the time the Czech credit negotiations were suspended will not be restored.

The US will almost certainly retain its diplomatic position in Bucharest despite last week's assertion by Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson that recent Rumanian elections were not "free and unfettered," as Premier Peter Groza had promised. The US has no desire to lose its "eyes and ears" in that Balkan country. Also, the State Department wants to avoid any impression that the US is withdrawing toward isolationism.

The Republicans will drop their promise of a flat 20-percent tax cut and will probably limit themselves to enacting cuts for the benefit of upper-income brackets.

The Kilgore War Investigating Committee will drop its inquiry into US occupation policies in Germany. New Dealers on the committee this time are in agreement with Secretary of State Byrnes and Senator Connally and Vandenberg that, in light of the whitewashing preliminary which Committee Counsel George Meader has made, no constructive purpose would be served by sending a Republican subcommittee to Germany to continue it.

Representative Jesse Wolcott of Michigan will scuttle the Wagner-Ellender-Taft permanent housing bill in his House Banking and Currency Committee. He will push his own housing bill, which makes no provision for middle and low-income groups or veterans.

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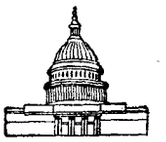
Washington Wire—Move Over, Mr. Byrnes



SOME TIME in the next few months Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg plans to make an important speech. It will be a speech defining his relationship to the Administration's foreign policy. The speech will be diplomatic and carefully composed. But the thing to note will be this: his consultation and coöperation with Byrnes, which have come to be a world symbol of America's international nonpartisanship, cover only the problems of Europe. He will tactfully point out for the record that he, as representative of the Republican Party, is not being actively consulted on the Pacific, on Japan, on China, no, nor on Palestine. Vandenberg's prospective declaration will be friendly but the implications will be there for anyone to see. Republicans have taken over control of the Senate, traditionally concerned with foreign policies. They will probably take over the presidency two years hence. During the interval, just what will be the relationship between the two parts of America's split government on foreign affairs? Vandenberg no longer speaks as representative of a minority party but, in effect, as an equal.

In former times a nation's foreign and domestic policies were separate matters. That's not so any longer, particularly for America. The world is waiting to see if she will assume the vacant role of international leadership. That will be next to impossible in any event, but especially so if we can't keep a stable economy at home. And now at the outset of the new Republican Congress comes another matter, the drive for "economy." The program seems reasonable enough on its face, and yet it can be twisted, consciously or not, into economic isolationism. There are signs of a trend in that direction here already. Should the United States put its back into relieving hunger abroad? "No," say the isolationist penny-pinchers, "It's too expensive, and Soviet-dominated countries are getting some of our food anyway—we'll kill UNRRA after January 1."

Appropriations for the International Bank? "No, too expensive." Funds for the State Department's intelligence, research and foreign information? "Silly extravagance which only increases 'bureaucracy'." Rehabilitation loans? "No." Reasonable funds for US occupying troops, till their mission is accomplished? "Too expensive." Tariff cuts to promote postwar commerce under the Hull reciprocal-trade program? "My dear sir, that's the most expensive of all; it means throwing open American markets to foreign competition."

Yes, the time has come when America's domestic and foreign policies merge into one stream. America's world role is so vast now that a domestic coal strike means shivering Frenchmen and hungry Italians; failure to achieve full employment at home means "I-told-you-so's" among all America's enemies abroad. For a dozen years one group of comfortable conservatives denounced FDR's domestic policies but praised his foreign policies. They won't be able to isolate domestic and foreign policies much longer.

We have been on a nodding acquaintance with John L. Lewis for a long time. We exchanged quips with him one time in a hotel elevator and had the rather terrifying experience, as we walked away through the lobby, of hearing the patter of little feet behind us, being touched on the back and turning round to see the Lewis eyebrows right in our rear. Lewis had thought of some retort, amiable enough, and had hurried after us to deliver it in person. The shock of seeing Those Eyebrows right over our left shoulder left an imperishable memory.

We have heard Lewis talk at conventions, too. There is generally something anatomical in his speeches. Personally we are tired of hearing him refer to "the shrunken bellies" of the miners whose current wages, after seven strikes capitalizing on the nation's necessity since Pearl Harbor, have placed them among the highest paid of industrial workers. Also Lewis is the only man we know who could or would start a speech with the word "Methinks." But as a natural orator, with his great-organ voice, few can surpass him.

This coal strike is bigger than a strike. It's the forerunner of what will almost certainly be a tragic chapter for organized labor. American labor is adolescent, immature—and now it is going to have a tough time. Eleven years ago organized labor had only about three million members, and its tremendous expansion since then has not been consolidated. Lewis is a typical feudal baron of labor. In spite of all the New Deal did for him he came through it still believing in the NAM type of economic theology.

Notes. – Apocalyptic note (War Department handout): "The six-engine Consolidated-Vultee B-36 heavy bomber could carry an atomic bomb to any inhabited region in the world and return home without refueling in the event of an enemy attack, Army Air Forces headquarters announced today." . . . Thirty-two Senators, mostly Republicans, will come forward to be sworn in on January 3; until about half are seated holdover Democrats will still have a majority. . . . Bilbo's name will be among the first four presented alphabetically; Democrats, if they care to, can seat him by a simple majority; once he has taken the oath it requires a two-thirds majority to expell him. . . . A lot of Republican observers are reluctantly agreeing that the three-fold GOP program of "balanced budget, reduced national debt and 20-percent tax cut" is a bit of leftover campaign hokum. . . . Note on industrial unrest (Schwellenbach speaking): "Real weekly earnings of factory workers as a whole declined by 16.6 percent between April, 1945, and September, 1946." . . . We counted 16 police and only about 50 spectators at the opening House Un-American Activities Committee's hearing of ex-Communist *Daily Worker* editor Louis Budenz. We thought Budenz's tale-bearing on local Communists pretty impressive on the factual side; of little significance ideologically.

Washington T. R. B.

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Democrats after the Deluge

by Helen Fuller

This is a dope story or "think piece." These are especially common in Washington at a time like last week, when the President and many of his top assistants were away, sweating out the coal strike in Florida.

A dope story is a picture of the future which a reporter puts together like a jigsaw puzzle from events he sees about him. The informed guessing going on now centers around the question of what the Democrats can and will do in 1948. The answer to that depends largely on where the balance of influence lies within the Administration now and where the balance of power is likely to lie within the Democratic Party in 1948. Here are some of the pieces that seem to belong in that picture.

The Men Around the President

Faces in the Men-Who-Influence-Harry Club have changed very little in the past year. John Snyder and George Allen are still members in very good standing. Admiral William Leahy and General Harry Vaughan, as honored charter members, enjoyed the Key West sun with the President, along with Judge Caskie Collett, who has risen in favor recently, and Reconversion Director John Steelman, who has dropped a peg or two.

At the moment, Presidential Counsel Clark Clifford, the handsome and intelligent young St. Louis lawyer who advanced from Naval Aide to Truman after the war, seems to be sitting in the No. 1 Adviser's chair. It is Clifford who drafts most important presidential statements these days. He wrote Truman's "cooperation" statement after the elections. His advice prevailed over John Steelman's on the present coal crisis. Clifford sided with Interior Secretary Krug on the question whether the contract between Lewis' miners and the government could be reopened, and won. He and Krug argued that it could not. Steelman and Attorney General Clark contended that it could. If it should turn out that Clifford has steered Truman into an untenable position on this matter, Steelman, the polished opportunist, will certainly be set to edge up into the right-hand position again.

The wall of inexperience and ignorance which these men have thrown up around Truman is now so strong that the few remaining liberals in the Administration are preparing to give up the struggle to break through it. Stripped first of his strong ally Chester Bowles and with many of his congressional supporters in the fight against inflation defeated in the elections, Price Administrator Paul Porter is getting ready to leave Washington, to take profit instead of punishment for a while. Postmaster General Hannegan, the surprise New Deal darling of last year, will soon be out of the cabinet or practically inactive on doctor's orders. It is hard to see how even Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt, the champion optimist among the New Dealers, can hang on much longer unless Truman orders his pal Allen to stop using the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to block Wyatt's program.

Labor's voice has not been heard in White House councils since long before the elections and is not likely to be invited back. And there is no Sidney Hillman to keep even a back door open for emergencies. Old cronies like Senators Barkley, Hatch, Wheeler, Senate Secretary Leslie Biffle and Speaker Rayburn can still be expected to have the presidential ear. The valiant liberal Charlie Ross, the President's press secretary, has been the victim of much knifing from Clark Clifford and other ambitious men around Truman and is marked for disposal. David Niles, the lone hang-over from the Roosevelt team of anonymous assistants, continues to serve as a liberal wailing wall with no power to help the suppliants. That's how it looks for influence within the official family.

Looking Toward 1948

Most careful observers of White House doings believe that President Truman has made it clear to his inner circle that he is indifferent to his role in 1948. To the most practical among them, like George Allen, this means freedom to start shopping for another candidate. Allen is shrewd enough to know how heavy the odds are against Truman's or almost any other Democratic politician's winning in 1948. And so it is not hard to believe the story going around now that Allen is in the forefront of those who believe that General Eisenhower is one man who could lead the party to victory in '48 and are laying plans to maneuver Ike into a position from which he could logically develop into the candidate. The stories go so far as to speculate that, for this reason, Jimmy Byrnes will be relieved as Secretary of State on the excuse of bad health before very long and Eisenhower named to replace him. Democratic National Headquarters sources say that committeemen from every section of the country have come in with Eisenhower as their private inspiration for a candidate.

There is some inside support for two other possible entries for '48, although it is still months too soon even to make winter book. Able Justice William O. Douglas is again being pushed by the same little group of

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fervent admirers who have done him so much political harm in years past by entering his name in the race for any job that fell vacant. Tommy Corcoran, the generalissimo of these enthusiasts, is cannily trying to line up early machine support for his favorite this time, putting out feelers to Ed Flynn in New York and to Ed Kelly in Chicago through Kelly's former assistant and Douglas' new admirer, Assistant Postmaster General Gael Sullivan. Corcoran is said to have aroused encouraging interest in his candidate from Clark Clifford, with whom he is now on friendly terms.

Kentuckians Paul Porter and Ed Pritchard, counsel to the Democratic National Committee, and others who have been reported booming Chief Justice Fred Vinson for the Democratic nomination appear to be taking a much more cynical view of the party's prospects in '48. Unless the general political climate improves a great deal, chances are that the Vinson organization will stay in out of the storm and wait for a better year.

Who Will Get Hannegan's Job?

Perhaps Bob Hannegan's outstanding achievement as chairman of the Democratic National Committee has been to keep the way open for coöperation between the regular party organization and the political-action committees of labor and independent voters. But as a tender of the party machine, he must be rated a failure. The rusty organization that was turned over to him nearly two years ago is in worse condition today than it was then. No "trend" can explain away the pitiful showing the Democrats made in the big cities of the North and among women and Negroes, where party lines once held reasonably firm.

Under anything like normal circumstances, the Democrats cannot expect to win again until their machinery has been put back into good working order—certainly, until they stop trying to compete with the Republicans in maintaining friendship with the big corporations which want a boom-and-bust cycle, high profits, low taxes and low wages. New lines will have to be laid down between the party proper and the special groups which Franklin Roosevelt welded into the New Deal. Someone like former Representative Chase Woodhouse will have to be given direction to revitalize the Women's Division which Eleanor Roosevelt built up.

This is the work laid out for whoever succeeds Hannegan a few weeks from now. The doctor who ordered Hannegan to resign his committee post is not unpopular with the inner circle. Hannegan and they have been on opposite sides of most issues in the last six months. They are glad to see him go. But it is not yet clear how each lines up on his successor.

Hannegan's personal choice is his present assistant, Gael Sullivan of Chicago. Sullivan is young, politically alert and complies with recent tradition by being an Irish Catholic of big-city-machine background. His inclinations are mildly liberal. But Hannegan has been so much in the doghouse recently that his support is one strike against Sullivan at the start. Tommy Corcoran has been actively soliciting support for Sullivan around Washington since before the elections. Neither this nor the fact that he is generally reported as favoring Douglas for '48 will help Sullivan's chances at the White House. It is also known that word got back to the White House of the unflattering remarks Sullivan had to make about the low level of Truman popularity on his return from a round-the-world trip last summer. Nevertheless, Hannegan is said to be determined to give Sullivan his chance to try out for the job and is considering naming him assistant chairman to help out in Washington until the National Commitee meets in January. At the moment, Sullivan is relaxing in Mexico instead of rustling committee votes for himself out in the states.

Other candidates for the chairmanship being mentioned in Washington are Paul Fitzpatrick, New York State Democratic Chairman, Paul Porter, Interior Undersecretary Oscar Chapman, present acting committee chairman Oscar Ewing and Bob Kerr, Governor of Oklahoma. The poor showing Fitzpatrick's ticket made in New York and the decrepit state of the city machines in general is assumed to have ruled out Fitzpatrick, who had the inside track for the job until election day. Porter has let it be known that he is not in the running. Ewing would have to be coaxed and promised a very free hand.

For and Against Kerr

For a while last week it looked as though Kerr would win in a walk. The personable, eloquent Governor seemed made to order for conservative tastes. He was acceptable to the Southerners without being technically one of them. A millionaire in his own right, he would have access to rich potential contributors to the party. And besides, Kerr is one of the very few who supported Truman at Chicago in '44 who have not been properly rewarded. Now it appears that he may have difficulty in capturing the chairmanship. There is speculation that he is the choice of the Allen Regulars, who lean toward Eisenhower for '48. But at least a part of Kerr's fortune was built on government oil leases which he still holds. And the charge has been printed that Kerr led a Protestant bolt from Al Smith in 1928. This latter charge—which Kerr vehemently denies—should be enough by itself to ruin Kerr's chances. It would be close to a revolution for the Democratic National Committee to name a non-Irish Catholic chairman and thus alienate Catholic support.

These are some of the forces struggling for power in the Administration and in the Democratic Party. How Truman reacts to them and which will prevail will be more important in determining the showing the Democrats make in 1948 than anything the Republicans do.

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MURRAY

The CIO Meets

by a Special Correspondent

Atlantic City

A WAG STOLE the Soviet flag from the CIO convention hall here last week and innocently set the tone for the whole convention.

It was a big, handsome flag—hammer, sickle and star on a blood-red field. The men who decorated the ancient ballroom of the Chelsea Hotel which served as convention hall displayed it as prominently as they could, near the entrance and high up toward the ceiling. It was there when the convention opened, but was missing soon after Philip Murray delivered his keynote speech. Two days later it reappeared in its old place among the flags of the other United Nations.

The flag was like the Communist issue itself. First you saw it, then you didn't, but in the end, the issue was back in its old place, as important and as devastating as ever. Communism—the threat of it and the fear of it—colored everything the CIO convention did.

The issue of communism so frightened Philip Murray that he abandoned all pretense of democracy and turned the convention into little more than a rubber stamp. There were titters in the hall when, in his opening address, Murray said, "I regard a convention of the Congress of Industrial Organizations as the greatest parliamentary body of workers anywhere in the entire universe."

The stifling of debate on the floor was brought about by the irreconcilables of the Left and Right in the CIO. Murray, whose life is bound up in the organization—so much so that he cannot bring himself to consider grooming a successor—earnestly sought a compromise. He appointed a committee of three members from the Right and three from the Left to draw up a statement of policy on which the entire CIO could agree.

Walther Reuther of the Automobile Workers, Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers and Milton Murray of the Newspaper Guild represented the Right—the majority group determined to purge the CIO of its Reds and rid organized labor of the curse of communism. Ben Gold of the Fur Workers, Mike Quill of the Transport Workers and Abram Flaxer of the Public Workers represented the Left—the Left which, to give the devil his due, was as responsible as any for the CIO's early growth and influence.

The committee met for two days, and could not agree even on the time of day. Finally, Murray called them into his suite at the President. He laid a prepared statement before them and told them to sign it or he could no longer serve as president of the CIO. They signed, after a few softening changes were made. The statement was brought back to the executive committee and was unanimously approved.

The next problem was to get the statement through the convention without embarrassing debate. Murray thought he could do it—and he did. He took the floor when the delegates came back from lunch Monday afternoon.

"I believe it should be understood," he said, "that inasmuch as the 40 or 41 international unions, through their international presidents and the vice-presidents of the organization, have unanimously ratified a document, when I complete the reading of the paper to the convention I hope the delegates participating in these proceedings will respond with an immediate unanimous rising vote of thanks—not to me, no, but to the members of your executive board for recommending in this form this statement to you.

"This type of policy," Murray continued, and some of the delegates hung their heads in embarrassment for him, "will obviate the necessity of needless debate upon this subject, because that already has been taken care of in the course of three days' discussion whilst this committee and the members of the executive board were giving consideration to it."

Then he read the declaration of policy: "The Congress of Industrial Organizations is an American institution . . . [it] records with pride its achievements in protecting and enhancing the interests of its members . . . stands opposed to all forms of oppression and in favor of the Four Freedoms—freedom of religion, freedom from fear, freedom from want and freedom of speech for everyone—everywhere.

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CURRAN

QUILL

REUTHER

"In pursuit of the principles set forth herein and adopted by the CIO executive board," Murray read on, "we, the delegates to the eighth constitutional convention of the Congress of Industrial Organizations resent and reject efforts of the Communist Party or any other political parties and their adherents to interfere in the affairs of the CIO. This convention serves notice that we will not tolerate such interference."

President Murray put the question quickly. In a rising vote all but two stood up. Joe Selly of the left-wing American Communications Association went to work on the two unhappy recalcitrants and in a few minutes Murray was able to announce that the "statement of policy has been adopted by the unanimous vote of the convention." It was as unanimous as are all votes in conventions of the United Mine Workers.

So the chief issue of the convention, the issue in which every delegate and local was interested, was swept under the rug. As far as the convention was concerned, the bitter feuding of Right and Left could continue as always.

How does one handle a situation such as confronted Phil Murray? Dr. Boris Stern of the Department of Labor mused aloud that it might be better for labor confederations to forgo national conventions altogether or at least hold them less often. A voluntary federation, he pointed out, is powerless to take a firm stand on an issue where important factions of the federation disagree, and it is undignified as well as bad public relations to straddle.

Other influential leaders here thought it would have been wiser to set up a debate, to bring the secret six who devised the compromise formula out of hiding. Walter Reuther and Milton Murray, for example, could give powerful presentation for that side of the CIO which seeks to throw the Communists out. Mike Quill and Ben Gold, no doubt, would have been equally persuasive for the Left. Debate would have had a cleansing effect, and would have released some of the pent-up emotion which factionalists of both sides have taken home with them.

Murray chose suppression. However good and sufficient his reasons, the role of beneficent dictator stifling debate did not become him.

Compromise Continued

Right and Left tangled again on the foreign-policy resolution, but came up with a compromise that did no violence to either side. The CIO also unanimously reaffirmed its support of the good-neighbor policy and called for the utter destruction of all vestiges of fascism in Germany and Japan.

"Fascism is a disease that spreads to threaten the peace and the welfare of all free people," the resolution read. "Fascism exists in Franco Spain and in Argentina. That is a threat to all the democratic nations. We therefore call upon the government of the United States immediately to sever all diplomatic and economic relations with these breeding places of world fascism and to use its influence with the United Nations to assist the people of Spain and Argentina to rid themselves of this dread disease."

The leftists won a point on China. "We know that an enduring peace demands that there be a free, united and independent China," the convention resolved. "President Truman's directive of December 15 is an admirable statement of this position. We call upon all foreign governments as well as our own to cease intervention in Chinese affairs and to end military aid to any faction. The present nationalist government must build a democratic coalition of all elements in Chinese political life. On this basis we shall be able to demonstrate our deep friendship for the Chinese people by extending full and generous economic aid."

Discovery of atomic energy was credited to "many nations."

"We commend our government," the convention

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resolved, "for its stated conviction that international control of atomic energy, with full power of inspection and the outlawing of atomic weapons, is imperative and feasible. However, if we are to have peace, the stockpiling of atomic bombs must cease. By this immediate and initial action, our nation will strikingly demonstrate that when we say peace, we mean peace. Our energies and ingenuities should be devoted, not to war and destruction, but to the planned application of the fruits of atomic energy to human good, new benefits to mankind and to peace and human progress."

But above all else in foreign policy is the necessity for unity among the Big Three—the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union, the CIO declared. "If we fail to achieve unity, then the world faces a war which means destruction of humanity itself. Peace is not merely possible. In an atomic age it is indispensable to the continued existence of the human race. The people of this and every other nation on earth can accept—can envisage—no alternative."

The program outlined in the other resolutions, all adopted without dissent and as fast as President Murray could bang the gavel, was liberal and forward-looking. The resolutions favored a government-financed Labor Extension Service similar to the Agriculture Extension Service; reduction of income-tax rates for the lowest taxable income groups but "continuation of present corporate normal and surtax rates with special provision for the relief of small business."

They favored kicking Bilbo out of the Senate and abolishing the poll tax. They sought extension of social security and passage of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill; repeal of the Smith-Connally, Hobbs and Lea Acts; unemployment insurance for strikers and abolition of the Wood-Rankin Un-American Activities Committee. They pledged support to a free Jewish homeland in Palestine.

They favored raising housing sights to two million new houses a year; they opposed peacetime conscription, child labor and enactment of the "Equal Rights for Women" amendment. They opposed the use of injunctions in labor disputes even against John L. Lewis; and they demanded immediate, substantial wage increases (25 percent is the figure to be sought).

Convention Notes. – John L. Lewis stole the headlines from the CIO again. It is an old habit of his. He has struck or threatened to strike during every CIO convention for the last five years. This time Lewis appeared to be in real trouble, and the delegates didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. Murray was disturbed over the certain shutdown of the steel mills. Pressman fretted over what the new Congress will do to all organized labor in its certain attempt to get John L. Lewis. . . . General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower got his signals crossed when he addressed the convention last Wednesday. He called for extension of selective service not long after the convention had voted unanimously for abolishing the draft. . . . The delegates left Atlantic City with the question they all asked still unanswered. What will happen to the CIO when it no longer has Philip Murray to lead it?

Lewis v. Truman: Round Two

by James Free

THE TRUMAN ADMINISTRATION is learning the hard way about John L. Lewis. Many public officials, union leaders, politicians and coal-mine operators have long since discovered to their sorrow and passed on the word that the President of the United Mine Workers is both exceptionally smart and exceptionally tough. But the Administration carelessly ignored these well authenticated character reports when it made an agreement with the UMW last May after seizing the mines to end a 59-day strike.

Secretary of Interior Krug, who has the top responsibility for government operation of the mines, allowed John L. to ease in a contract provision that led to the current coal strike and the government-Lewis court controversy. That provision stated that, "except as amended and supplemented herein, this agreement carries forward and preserves the terms and conditions" of an April 11, 1945, agreement between the UMW and various mine operators. This previous agreement contained a reopening clause providing for ten days' formal notice, 15 days' negotiation, and finally a five-day notice of contract termination—notice that could be served by either party to the contract in the event there appeared to be no chance of settlement.

Krug believed that such a reopening clause clearly had been supplemented by the assertion in the Krug-Lewis agreement that it "covers for the period of government possession the terms and conditions of employment in respect to all mines in government possession." He maintained, therefore, that Lewis had no right to demand reopening of the contract. Attorney General Clark upheld Krug's position. And so did Justice T. Alan Goldsborough of the United States Dis-

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trict Court for the District of Columbia, who issued a temporary restraining order directing Lewis to withdraw the union's November 15 notice that its contract with the government would be canceled five days later.

The government's contention may be upheld in the courts, but our point here is that Krug and other Administration officials underestimated Lewis' cunning in inserting the questionable contract-reopening provisions in the new agreement. They evidently also underestimated his toughness and willingness to defy the federal-court injunction order. Lewis refused to withdraw his contract-cancellation notice, and his 400,000 miners knew he wanted them to walk out of the pits by November 20, implementing their historic policy of "no contract, no work."

The government's vigor in fulfilling President Truman's personal orders to fight Lewis in the courts indicates that it is willing to get tough. Perhaps Truman is ready to get as tough as the situation requires. A more difficult question to answer is whether the President and his advisers have been and will be as smart as the situation requires.

Regardless of the moral rights of the government in its efforts to protect the public welfare in the coal-strike crisis, there will be many who will disapprove of its use of the court injunction to fight Lewis and the UMW. Both the AFL and the CIO condemned the injunction proceedings. Even Lewis' enemies do not want to see him licked by a legal process that might well be turned upon them later with devastating effects. It is unfortunate, from the standpoint of rallying public support to the government assault on Lewis, that Truman chose to fight with this weapon.

Burck in the Chicago Times

"Let's try and make the best of it, dear."

For one thing, it is no foregone conclusion that the injunction attack, with the subsequent charge of contempt of court, can be prosecuted successfully. A number of government legal authorities have said privately that they think Lewis has an excellent case. They point out that, first, Lewis' stand on contract reopening and termination could be upheld. And that, second, the injunction itself might be dissolved on the ground that it violates the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act of 1932. The government has maintained that the 1932 Act covered only disputes between workers and private employers, not between workers and the government as an employer. Certainly Lewis' rights of appeal to a higher court can delay final reckoning, regardless of the outcome of the present proceedings.

It is interesting to note that the Norris-LaGuardia Act sharply restricted the courts' power to declare persons in contempt for violating an injunction in a labor dispute. Few such injunctions have been applied for since 1932, and no case of contempt for violating an injunction under the Norris-LaGuardia Act has been passed upon by the Supreme Court.

The Danger of Hasty Action

What happens to John L. Lewis will probably be dramatic. Events in which he plays the leading part nearly always are. But much more important questions are at stake. One is, will organized labor be hurt by possible new court precedents arising from the case? Another is, will the next session of Congress—conceivably summoned by President Truman to aid with a badly tangled coal-strike situation—rush through ill tempered, ill advised, anti-labor legislation? Then, too, there is the vital question of how long the strike will last and how badly the nation's economy will be crippled by coal shortages.

All indications point to the likelihood of a lengthy—brutally lengthy—strike. Many officials besides Truman are out of patience with Lewis' arrogance. Many citizens believe that now is the time to resolve the issue of where union rights must give way to public safety and welfare. The Administration cannot back down, as matters stand, without losing face. The coal miners, on the other hand, are enraged over the use of the injunction against them. They know, also, that they will have the moral—and possibly the concrete—support of much of organized labor. They can be expected to put up a tenacious battle.

The country must prepare itself for a severe ordeal. Millions of bystanders will suffer, and probably cry for drastic government action. They should remember that hasty and harsh anti-labor measures may do the nation as a whole a lasting damage. Now is the time for the public to insist that toughness and smartness be tempered with tolerance and wisdom.

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The World News Blackout

by Thomas Whiteside

THE Egyptian government recently appropriated $80,000 for the construction of a special jail for journalists. This little gesture was probably expected to add dignity to their confinement. A more reasonable explanation is that too many editors and reporters had been running afoul of Egypt's press-control law.

As in Egypt, journalism in most of the world today is still a highly hazardous occupation. The Georgia editor who faced an armed mob after writing an editorial against Eugene Talmadge's racial-supremacy program got away with a tongue-in-cheek apology, but in Zagreb Mrs. Marlka Raditch, editor of a Croat Peasant Party organ, simply was bombed out of business for circulating ideas which annoyed the Tito government. In a sense, the woman editor of Zagreb was fortunate: her press was broken, the type fonts scattered, the debris lay out on the street and all could see that violence had been done. If the culprits had been smarter, they would have used a censor instead of a bomb so that when the paper appeared it would have been innocuous and its readers none the wiser.

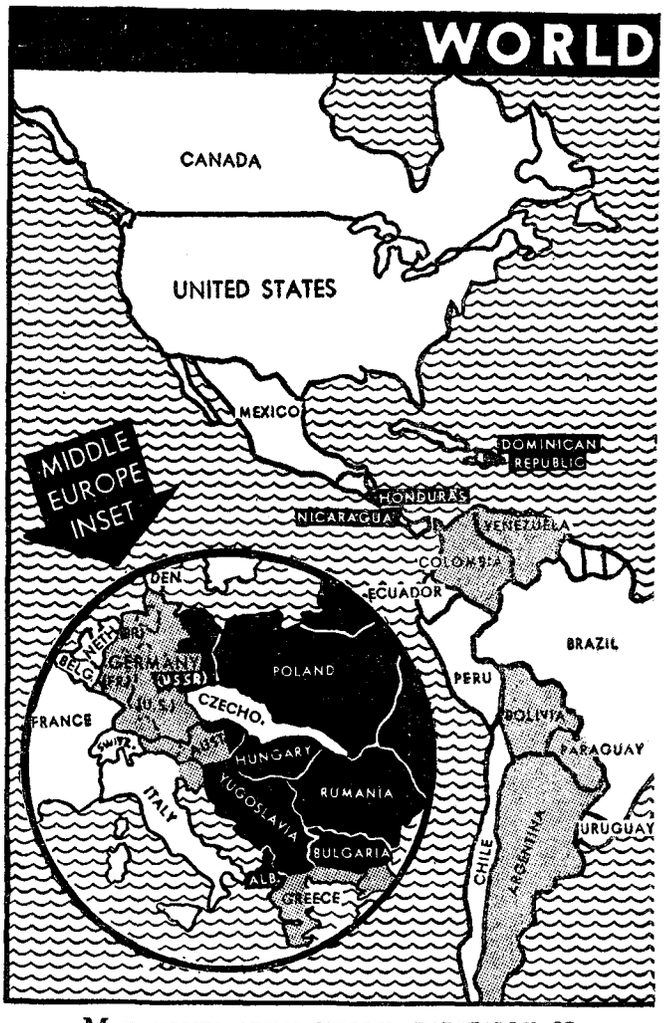
This, in fact, is what happens to the vast majority of readers in the world. For 65 percent of the world's population—some one billion people—are living under government press censorship of one kind or another. Even within the United Nations, at least 20 member states regularly practise censorship upon the mass flow of information within their countries.

In Washington, the State Department talks of establishing bilateral treaties guaranteeing full and free exchanges of information between signatory states. In Madrid, Teheran and Buenos Aires, the holders of power blandly cite Article 26 of the International Telecommunications Convention of 1932, which permits censorship of messages "which might appear dangerous to the safety of the state" as justification for suppression of legitimate news dispatches.

There are many ways of skinning a cat: legality means little to an experienced censor. While most of the world is in the grip of a great newsprint shortage, in Argentina Peron can manipulate much of the press by allocating newsprint to his favorites and denying it to his enemies. In any of the Balkan countries or in Palestine censors can kill correspondents' dispatches by delaying them until their news value is lost. In India officials even censor radiophotos this way. In Yugoslavia a correspondent who returns to his home office after writing dispatches considered unfavorable by the Tito government just can't seem to get a reëntry permit. The Yugoslavs deny that this involves censorship, and indeed no foreign correspondent's copy is touched by a censor. Yugoslav ministries abroad cable back copies of the dispatches as they appear and the Yugoslav authorities govern their coöperativeness accordingly.

In Russia there are no travel facilities available outside of Moscow for correspondents, and thus no news. Spain and many other countries institute "responsibility censorship" for foreign newspapermen—behave yourself, treat us well and you can stay as long as you like. Printing presses suddenly can be made available to friends, and just as suddenly inaccessible to recalcitrants. Mostly there exists plain fear of reprisals and frame-ups for editors who speak out of turn.

In the face of this, talks of treaties struggle bravely on in the chancelleries of the world, and so does the same old shadow boxing. They all have freedom of the press. Yugoslavia has it—in Article 27 of the constitution. But no opposition paper exists. When Milan Grol tried to circulate his little sheet *Demokratija*, the government-controlled typographers' union refused to set



MAP SHOWS AREAS FULLY, PARTIALLY OR . . .

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type for it. That put Grol out of business. The democratic and radical parties in Yugoslavia have freedom of the press, but the press was not allowed to publish their refusal to have any part of the Constituent Assemblies of the Federated Republics. They have to circulate their news on typewritten sheets.

The same frantic kind of semantics distinguishes most discussions between East and West on problems of free communications. Most of the trouble probably lies in the bellies of their respective peoples. A hungry, illiterate Arab is apt to be less concerned about who censors what in the paper he can't read than, say, Kent Cooper of the Associated Press.

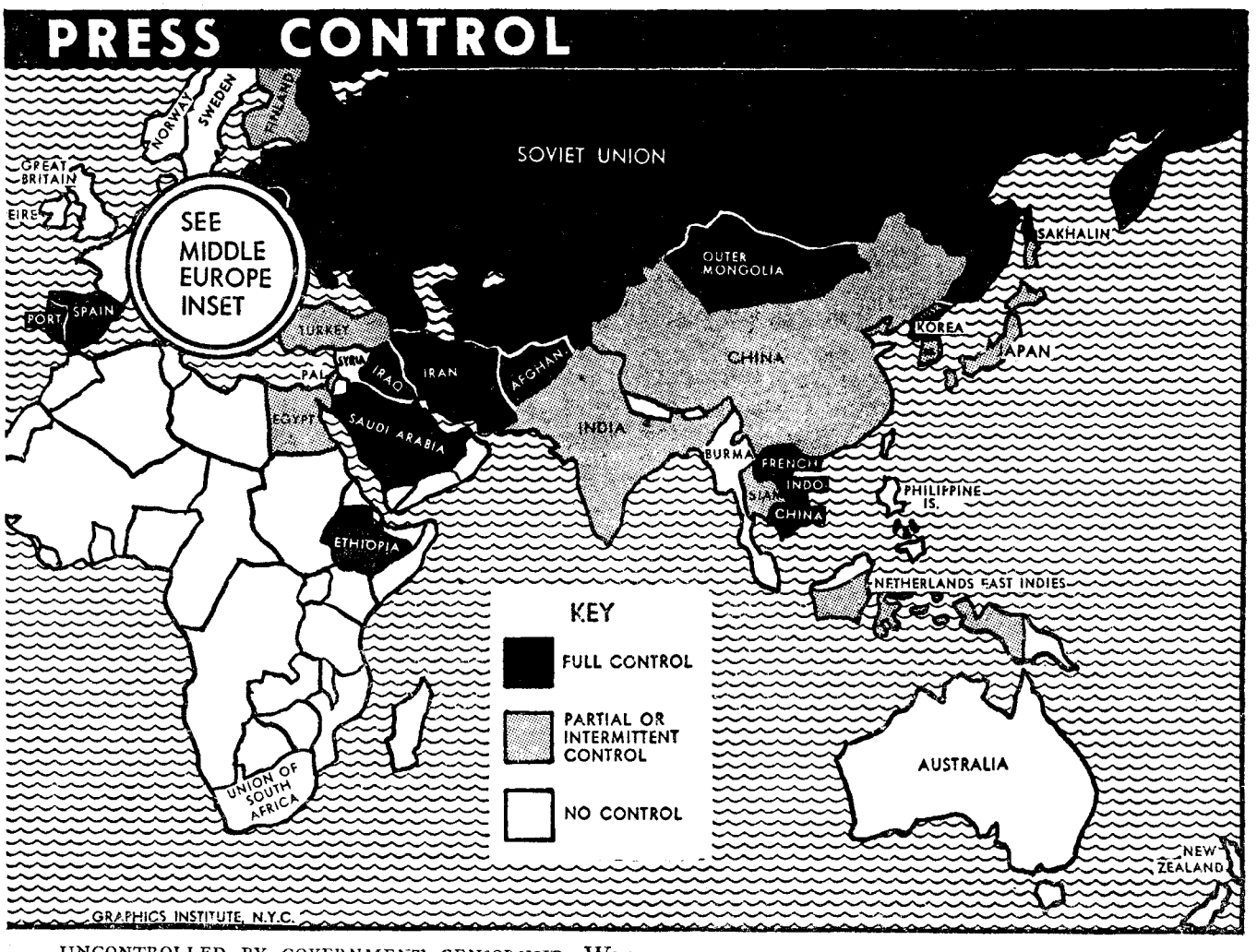
It's not much use offering press freedom to impoverished peoples as a substitute for rice, education or decent housing. Nobody seriously proposes that the Russians adopt Western-style press freedom when they already find themselves impelled to undertake a tremendous nationalistic and ideological drive, involving horrendous word-pictures of the foreign devil, to keep their people working at back-breaking tasks.

Czechoslovakia Points the Way

Yet there does seem to be a middle way of achieving a decent measure of freedom of information which is tolerable, if not completely acceptable, to East and West alike. The new, progressive but non-Communist International Organization of Journalists, which last spring held its first convention in Copenhagen, won unanimous consent from all its members in a program calling for a free press *which is a responsible press.*

Czechoslovakia has begun an interesting experiment along the lines of this resolution. At the end of the war, she faced communications problems typical of Southeastern European countries: (1) a terrible shortage of newsprint; (2) liquidation of her best journalists during the German occupation; and (3) the necessity for self-discipline in distributing news or propaganda affecting the great powers, particularly Russia. Up to the present, Czechoslovakia has tackled these problems without interfering with basic press freedom or the quick tempers of powerful states.

The Czech government dealt with the newsprint shortage by instituting a kind of FCC for the press, a commission empowered to allocate common carriers of news, with scarce paper the substitute for scarce frequencies. Licenses are allocated according to public service offered by applicants, as with FCC policy. The government, however, went further than the FCC does by decreeing, with approval of the Constitutional Assembly, the limitation of licenses to the five political parties and to farmers' groups, trade unions and other such organizations. Thus no individual or private corporation can own a newspaper in Czechoslovakia. Indi-



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vidual opinions are rare in the Czech press: editorial policy is determined only after the editor has consulted closely with the groups he represents. Czech papers, in this sense, are coöperative, and to American journals such as the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News* probably are alien to the American way of life, since our own newspapers are not obliged to take into account the desires of their readers.

Anyone who wants to write for a Czech paper must first be screened by a board of the Alliance of Czech Journalists. This board inquires very thoroughly into the candidate's educational and moral background. The board's decision to accept or reject the application is reached by majority vote. If the candidate is accepted, he must subscribe to a code of ethics, violation of which can result in his expulsion from the profession. (Note to the American Newspaper Guild: Czech, British, Australian and New Zealand newspapermen have a code of ethics: when will American newsmen have one?)

Young Czech reporters are trained at the Prague Institute of Journalism to fill the gap left by the execution of hundreds of Czech writers by the Nazis. Upon graduation, they receive a title roughly translatable as "editor," the holding and use of which is protected by law.

All Czech papers adhere fairly well to the major policies of the Common Front coalition. This apparently has been a matter of volition: no law or decree requires loyalty to it. No censorship exists, but there have been minor import bans on four Czech-American newspapers likely to cause ructions in Slovakia.

Although the Czech Communists are now maneuvering for nationalization, and therefore totalitarian control of the Czech press, the present setup is not particularly objectionable to either the Russians or the West. It is not perfect by any means, but it does provide an interesting proving ground for the press of other European countries lying in the East-West penumbra of influence.

Six Censored Countries

Portugal: One of the strictest and most corrupt censorship machines in the world rules the Portuguese press. Papers are suspended or punished arbitrarily by the Ministry of Information. Many foreign correspondents are treated as "dangerous individuals" and are watched constantly by agents of the PVDE, the Portuguese secret service organized by the Gestapo and still under the leadership of its appointees. Twenty years of censorship have so killed the sense of dignity of Portuguese publishers that many would rather take advantage of Salazar's favors for good behavior than revert to press freedom and competition. An average of two columns of doctored news is supplied daily by the Secretariat of Propaganda, whose chief, Antonio Eça de Queiroz, was one of the leading German agents in Portugal during the war.

Spain: The Franco censorship machine extends to every outlet of communications in Spain. Editorial subjects and treatment are dictated daily by Tomas Cerro, director-general of the press. All government reports are printed in full. The Spanish public judges the degree of press opposition only by the lack of fervor with which various editors interpret propaganda directives. Three foreign correspondents have been expelled within the last year for "hostile attitudes" to the Franco regime.

India: Press freedom accorded the British dominions does not extend to other parts of the Empire. Dispatches by foreign correspondents and domestic newspapers are still subject to censorship by the Civil and Provincial Governments. The postal code provides for suppression of dispatches discrediting the government. The sedition law is also invoked. The government can, and does, issue decrees requiring individual papers to post bonds guaranteeing good behavior. These bonds can be seized and others demanded until the paper goes out of business.

Russia: All outgoing dispatches are subjected to censorship. "Blind" censorship, *i. e.*, deletions or suppressions without the correspondent's knowledge, has decreased. Correspondents are generally on a "good-behavior" system. All domestic media of communication are completely controlled. A purge is going on within the domestic-propaganda machine, with all purveyors of "alien ideologies" being rooted out.

Poland: Foreign correspondents' dispatches are uncensored and they themselves given all possible facilities, but the domestic press is under tight control despite the fact that the Polish government operates under the 1921 constitution, which specifically prohibits censorship. Editors of *Gazeta Ludowa*, Mikolajczyk's organ, say that their paper has been censored as many as 300 times in a month. Polish papers get most of their foreign news through the official agency, PAP, and no outsiders try to compete.

China: The Chinese press is free—theoretically. In practice, Kuomintang censorship varies between a moderate and a complete blackout. The principal papers in Kuomintang-held North China show suspicious unanimity in their choice and treatment of editorial subject matter. Most Chinese newspapers are owned by various factions of the Kuomintang. Those which attack Kuomintang policies are frequently suppressed. With one exception, Communist newspapers are forbidden in Kuomintang territory. The exception, the *New China Daily News*, has to fight intimidation of its advertisers and newsboys.

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Nervous from the Service

FOR AN extremely sensitive and poignant study of life like your own, carrying constantly threatening overtones during this early stage of postwar readjustment, it would be worth your while to see "The Best Years of Our Lives," even at the present inflated postwar prices.

The sparkling travelogue opening shows three jittery veterans flying home to up-and-at-'em Boone City, a flourishing elm-covered metropolis patterned after Cincinnati. They are too uneasy about entering their homes as strangers to eat up the scenery. The chesty, down-to-earth sailor (Harold Russell), whose lack of sophistication and affectation furnishes a striking contrast to his two chums, is hypersensitive about his artificial hands and is afraid that his girl (Cathy O'Donnell) will marry him out of pity rather than love; the sergeant (Fredric March), whose superiority rests in his being old and experienced, a survivor of the infantry and before that a successful banker and father, feels he has changed too much for his old job and his family; the bombardier (Dana Andrews), who has about him that most-likely-to-succeed look of the Air Forces, got married on the run during training and hardly knows what to anticipate.

After they get through their first night home by painting the town cadmium red, they start civilian life like balky, truculent steers. Their new lives are awfully rocky, particularly the airman's, but after two and a half hours of difficulty that often seems as authentic as a Brady photograph, the air clears considerably. The sailor realizes what you knew from the first moment she appeared on the screen: that Cathy with the Sad Eyes worships him; and the bombardier lands a job symbolic of this transition period—turning B-17's into prefabricated houses—and is freed by divorce to marry Teresa Wright.

While the movie bites off more than it can chew (it never has sufficient nerve to hit hard-headed business or toadying clerks as well as it would like to), it is far and away the least sentimental, most human, of current films. The love affair between the married airman and the banker's daughter is handled with rare candor, their every action seeming to arise out of natural, human, instinctual responses that fly in the face of convention. There are wonderful domestic exchanges between these two and the girl's parents.

Fredric March does a superb job in mixing the rebellion and feeling for humanity that he achieved as a sergeant in the Army with the qualities of the solid citizen-banker that he was before the war—reactionary and close-mouthed, conforming, respected in the community, a model for the kiddies. Every touch seems exactly right for the hard-bitten, successful executive—his knifelike movements, the tight self-control, the ferocity and self-hatred of his type of alcoholic. While she seems too experienced and wise to be playing a daughter role (half the time Myrna Loy looks like her daughter rather than the other way around), Teresa Wright plays so completely from the inside and has so labile a face that some of her scenes—the one in which she quiets a soldier having a nightmare and is painfully affected by the experience—rock with emotion. Hoagy Carmichael gives an adroit soft-shoe rendering of Hoagy Carmichael being genteel, and Walter Baldwin, the father of the boy with articulated hooks for hands, is as authentic as the rest of the production.

I haven't seen a movie with better examples of American housing since "Greed." This is one of those rare films in which a pose or a gesture stands out so significantly that you feel that the cameraman (Greg Toland) had as much to do with the story as the director and writer. The work in every department is so realistic and serious that "The Best Years of Our Lives" doesn't seem at all like a Hollywood job.

MANNY FARBER

Barrie, Ibsen, Anderson

What Every Woman Knows, by J. M. Barrie. International Theatre. November 8, 1946.
John Gabriel Borkman, by Hendrik Ibsen, translated by Eva Le Gallienne. November 12, 1946.
Joan of Lorraine, by Maxwell Anderson. Alvin Theatre, November 18, 1946.

THERE IS one prime necessity for the Barrie play that the American Repertory presents as the second on its list of productions, and that necessity is the admission and projection of the special Barrie quality by which a piece like "What Every Woman Knows" must either sink or swim. This quality consists of a kind of coquetry or archness, sly tricks, lovable flirtations with sentiment, all combined with the serious, the moving and the human. The story of Maggie's father and brothers giving the poor young scholar the three hundred pounds to complete his education, in exchange for his promise to marry her when the time comes, is well known by now. The motif of the wife's understanding of the man, her helping him to a common-sense success, etc., is an old one, half true, half mere pleasant working myth, and Barrie works it most fully and artfully. Maggie meanwhile is an imp in her way, a wag, a shrewd member, a winning, bluntly shining, sound, sweet and elusive creature, which is Barrie's special contribution to the matter.

If the directing in general and Maggie in particular do not create these qualities, the production breaks down. And this is exactly what happens in the American Repertory Theatre's version. It is an honest, sincere and straight approach to the play; but since nothing is so fatal as the right thing in the wrong place, it ends by almost wrecking Barrie.

This defect runs throughout the company's performance; but appears most, as might be expected, in the crucial role of Maggie, the heroine. Richard Waring's portrayal of John Shand, the ambitious and mirthless young student, is excellent, though an easy problem compared to this particular knowing everywoman called Maggie. Eva Le Gallienne as the French countess and Ernest Truex as Maggie's father play well enough. But June Duprez's Maggie, though it has a certain solid character basis, lacks winningness, lovable craft and sly inspiration. And so this new version of Barrie's comedy throws him quite out of joint. The lesson to be gleaned here is to admit the dramatist's own peculiar quality and then to proceed from that. If you cannot discern this quality, or if you can do so and willfully ignore it, then take your chance. You may create some-

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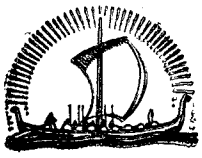

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Waldo R. Browne
EDITOR

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thing that is better; you may make a mess of it, neither flesh, fish nor fowl; you may acquire a following for the wrong simplification.

The American Repertory Theatre's "John Gabriel Borkman" seemed on the whole to redound to its credit. Miss Webster as the embittered wife, Miss Le Gallienne as her sister, once loved by John Gabriel, gave good performances along with Victor Jory as Borkman and Ernest Truex as Foldal, the wretched failure as man and poet and the one loyal friend. The technical elements of the first half of Ibsen's play completely dazzle us after the sloppiness of Broadway dramatic writing—all this precision, these brilliant motivations so surely and subtly accomplished, this quiet, terrific conveyance of life's hidden violence and shadow, this forever fleeing passion of life that Ibsen can convey. To my mind "John Gabriel Borkman" breaks down in the very last movement, the death high up among the snows, with the implied theme of the kingdom of the world, the glory, et cetera. It gets very close to clichés, and needs, I should say, a clarification on Ibsen's part as to how far the play sticks to its seeming—though semi-symbolical—realism and how far it means to go into symbolism. This is not the actors' fault, and that last scene, as we get it now, is about as well done as it is likely to be.

The one thing I would suggest for this new study of Ibsen's play is a closer reading of the lines. Under that seemingly moderate surface of his there are many explosive reactions, profoundly studied by the dramatist, full of intensity and point, sudden revelation, sharp light on character and motif. Of these the present production has so far discovered only some 50 percent or so.

The occasion of Maxwell Anderson's play about Joan of Arc profits greatly by its two heroines: one an immortal figure of simple heroism, of faith, of man's injustice, of the eternal voices and the eternal wings; the other Hollywood's best box-office star, a transitory figure, doubtless, of success, a gentle spirit, a proper ambition and a pleasing if very minor talent. The play itself has discovered a happy scheme in which the Joan presented is an actress in the midst of the rehearsal of a play about the trial and death of a girl many centuries ago and the price paid by human beings in this world for what is deathless and incredible. This scheme first of all avoids the pageantry and pseudo-historical trappings of most such plays, almost sure to be trashy, to put it mildly. It also allows the dramatist to get in his views concerning history and truth, illusion, democracy and what not. These sentiments in the latter parts of the play are at times both pat and flat, but the general effect is fair enough. The same is true of Miss Bergman's performance. It is lovable and gentle and now and then touching. Anyone who thinks it would have saved France in Joan's time might start a movement in Hollywood via Broadway to save France now.

Sam Wanamaker as the director for the play in rehearsal gives a good performance, but he needs, when he passes into the role of the Inquisitor, to find more point and sharp style for the role thus assumed. The company in general, thanks partly to the dramatist's device of history and rehearsal combined, is neither pretentious nor stylistically offensive, nor, unless fine taste is among your requirements, is it really dull.

STARK YOUNG

It Looks Different from Abroad

SOMEONE has just sent me a copy of an American fashion magazine which shall be nameless. It consists of 325 large quarto pages, of which no less than 15 are given up to articles on world politics, literature, etc. The rest consists entirely of pictures with a little letterpress creeping round their edges: pictures of ball dresses, mink coats, step-ins, panties, brassières, silk stockings, slippers, perfumes, lipsticks, nail polish—and, of course, of the women, unrelievedly beautiful, who wear them or make use of them.

One striking thing when one looks at these pictures is the overbred, exhausted, even decadent style of beauty that now seems to be striven after. Nearly all of these women are immensely elongated. A thin-boned, ancient-Egyptian type of face seems to predominate: narrow hips are general, and slender, non-prehensile hands like those of a lizard are quite universal. Evidently it is a real physical type, for it occurs as much in the photographs as in the drawings. Another striking thing is the prose style of the advertisements, an extraordinary mixture of sheer lushness with clipped and sometimes very expensive technical jargon. Words like suave-mannered, custom-finished, contour-conforming, mitt-back, inner-sole, backdip, midriff, swoosh, swash, curvaceous, slenderize and pet-smooth are flung about with evident full expectation that the reader will understand them at a glance. Here are a few sample sentences taken at random:

"A new Shimmer Sheen color that sets your hands and his head in a whirl." "Bared and beautifully bosomy." "Feathery-light Milliken Fleece to keep her kitten-snug!" "Others see you through a veil of sheer beauty, *and they wonder why!*" "An exclamation point of a dress that depends on fluid fabric for much of its drama." "The miracle of figure flattery!" "Molds your bosom into proud feminine lines." "Isn't it wonderful to know that Corsees wash and wear and whittle you down . . . even though they weigh only four ounces!" "The distilled witchery of one woman who was forever desirable . . . forever beloved . . . Forever Amber." And so on and so on and so on.

A fairly diligent search through the magazine reveals two discreet allusions to gray hair, but if there is anywhere a direct mention of fatness or middle-age I have not found it. Birth and death are not mentioned either: nor is work, except that a few recipes for breakfast dishes are given. The male sex enters directly or indirectly into perhaps one advertisement in twenty, and photographs of dogs or kittens appear here and there. In only two pictures, out of about three hundred, is a child represented.

On the front cover there is a colored photograph of the usual elegant female, standing on a chair while a gray-haired, spectacled, crushed-looking man in shirtsleeves kneels at her feet, doing something to the edge of her skirt. If one looks closely one finds that actually he is about to take a measurement with a yardstick. But to a casual glance he looks as though he were kissing the hem of the woman's garment—not a bad symbolical picture of American civilization, or at least of one important side of it.

London GEORGE ORWELL

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The Bandwagon

The hope of the country lies in keeping the Democratic Party just as conservative as the Republican Party. In that way, when we have occasional upsets, no great danger is involved. When the Democratic Party swings to the Left, it is time for the Republicans to take over the national government. We can keep alive an intelligent opposition in the solid South, and we will not have to go along with those crackpots who have been riding on the party's coattails. – *Statement by a "close friend" of Boss Edward Crump of Tennessee, as quoted in the New York* Times.

All the basic knowledge necessary to an easy understanding of the atomic age. – *From an advertisement for the* Young People's Book of Atomic Energy *in the* Saturday Review of Literature.

Bigger-and-Better-Dreams Department

Every man with brains and leadership ability graduated from the Army as an officer. – *From a letter in Sam Stavisky's column in the Washington* Post.

What Street Are *You* On?

For Rent—Unfurnished two-room apartment with bath located end of Eighth Street. – *Advertisement in the Holland (Michigan)* Evening Standard.

On the Home Front

What 536 families in White Plains [New York] like best about their community is its shopping center, and what they dislike the most is the slum area through which most of its commuters must drive on their way to the railroad station. In the opinion of these same families, the community's outstanding need is a swimming pool. – *From the New York* Times.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

An American Problem

SIR: Vincent Sheean has been loudly praised for his articles on the Columbia, Tennessee, Case. I dissent. The one reprinted in the *New Republic* (October 14) actually does the cause of American democracy a disservice. The author was so carried away by his enthusiasm for the verdict of the "twelve good men and true," and so shaken by his Southern experience, that he made some rather unrealistic statements. In essence, he advises Northerners to stop interfering in Southern affairs and to leave the fate of the Negro people to men of good will down there.

Those of us who have lived and worked in the South appreciate "the good will of (some) Southern white men, our brothers and fellow citizens." But favorable verdicts in important cases are not just the efflorescence of good will. Such cases have a history. Pressure from the North is a part of that history. Would Sheean have had the NAACP stay out of this case because it had one Negro lawyer from Washington, D. C., and another born in the West Indies? Does he seriously believe that the pressure of Northern opinion is unwise? Does he forget the long days of legal battling that made it possible to get 12 men who would return such a verdict? That jury didn't just happen! Yet Sheean states that ". . . the intrusion of any element from the other parts of our society . . . is likely to make things worse rather than better."

If Sheean will drop his sentimentalism for a moment and review the history of the South for the last decade, he will have to concede that Northern CIO leaders, NAACP lawyers, newspapermen—and even Socialists and Communists—have "softened up the South" and made it possible for local liberals to get a hearing.

Sheean actually implies that he didn't have any business at the trial. He seems to think of himself as "a departing carpet-bagger removing his beak with utmost speed." But the South is no innocent Prometheus chained to the rock while Northern left-wing vultures tear at his liver. The South is a Sisyphus needing someone to help roll the stone of prejudice to a point where it will not continually fall back upon him.

Liberals would do well to discount Sheean's over-optimistic laissez-faire lyricism and heed the urgent call of Bishop McConnell and the "Committee of 100," who are appealing for funds to help the NAACP free the two Negroes that the "twelve good men and true" saw fit to sentence to 21 years in prison on the flimsiest of evidence. And while they are about it, they might start a movement to sue the state of Tennessee for destroying the property and lives of innocent Negro citizens.

The Southern caste system is *not* "primarily a Southern problem" as Sheean contends, and as the *New Republic* emphasizes with an unnecessary subhead. It is an American problem.

Roosevelt College, Chicago, Ill. ST. CLAIR DRAKE

Edward Dickinson Baker

SIR: For many years my wife and I have been readers of TRB's weekly article. We think it the finest analysis of Washington background to be found. We were not surprised when we read these words in one of his recent columns: "Edward Dickinson Baker, Senator from Oregon, October 1, 1860, to October 1, 1861." Then he asks: "How did Mr. Baker get in here? Who was he? Nobody knows, nobody cares." Baker now belongs to the historians and is forgotten.

When I was elected a member of the Seventy-third Congress and took my place in Washington I wandered, with my wife, through the Capitol, and we found that statue marked "Baker." We wondered if it were our Senator Baker from Oregon. We learned that it was that historic and picturesque character, and determined to have it more adequately marked. In the Record for the Seventy-seventh Congress (Second Session, Appendix, page 4,315) is a short speech I made when the marking was finally added by the architect.

The career of that remarkable man is so fully outlined in the indices to the biographies of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay and by Carl Sandburg that I need not outline it. . . . I hope TRB will find time to read Baker's reply to Judah P. Benjamin and the reply to Breckinridge, said by Blaine to have been the most thrilling speech ever delivered in Congress. He is credited with saving this section for Lincoln, who loved him and named a son for him. Now, 85 years after his death, the brilliant TRB says, "Nobody knows, nobody cares." Such is fame.

WALTER M. PIERCE,
Salem, Ore. Member of Congress, Second District, Oregon

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Winter Book Number

The English Literary Scene

THERE IS nothing fervid or breathless here. The river, which was turbulent with rapids and waterfalls twenty years ago, now flows sluggishly through the plains. It is quiescent, but muddy rather than limpid. There is nothing so neat and orderly as a configuration of literary schools, or even of great and influential solitaries. It may be that reputable and talented writers have never been more numerous, but the talent is confused and undirected. A young poet pokes his head for a moment above the level surface of his two or three hundred contemporaries; he subsides with his next volume into obscurity. A novelist who has published nothing for six years produces at last the long expected . . . masterpiece? No, it was good, it was even the best thing he had done, but it wasn't so good as we felt it ought to be. An old hero of a past age suddenly charms us with an autobiographical fragment, but he gently boasts that his creative days are over.

I don't wish to seem pessimistic, for I am full of confidence and expectation. We are in a Messianic mood, and if He still delays in 1946, who knows but that 1947 will see His coming. It is a naïve and silly faith. At soberer and more severe moments we know that we shall not be suddenly stirred into liberation by a glorious apparition. It is by the arduous cultivation of our own available talents that we shall build up our literature again. We need excitement, but excitement won't descend on us suddenly from outside. It is a reward for prodigious efforts, and the novelist who takes six years to write a book which is better than his last deserves anything but our disappointment. Allow him another eighteen years—for novelists are slow to develop—and he may write his *War and Peace*.

It is a period of retrenchment and deliberation, following quite naturally on astonishing and varied progress. If we consider the great names of 1925—Joyce, Lawrence, Forster, Eliot, Yeats, Virginia Woolf—to name only the greatest, we recognize how severe our losses have been. Of these six only Forster and Eliot are still alive, and Forster's last novel was published twenty years ago. Nor has any writer of equivalent stature appeared in the place of the dead. Auden? Isherwood? Graham Greene? Evelyn Waugh? The first, I think, has already earned an enduring place in English poetry, but he has yet to attain the majesty of Yeats or Eliot. The others are still brilliant young men with far to go. I think that Osbert Sitwell has shown himself a great autobiographer, and that Edith Sitwell's poetry is imperishable at its recent best. There are at least twenty poets whose work is individual and genuine, perhaps a dozen novelists and as many critics, but what there signally is *not* is a breath-taker, a new giant: what there signally is *not* is that prairie fire of excitement which spreads from a new literary event. It would be possible with a string of names to present a decent picture of honest literary work. It would be impossible to present the last fifteen years as anything but a period of quiescence in the literary history of England.

This is partly due to the war. Even before September, 1939, the war cast its shadow backward and darkened the whole scene. The thirties, so far as new writers were concerned, were greatly influenced by the gathering of political forces, by the rise of Nazi Germany and by the inscrutable prominence of Soviet Russia. There were many possible reactions:

> Bayonets are closing round
> I shrink, but I must wring
> A living from despair
> And out of tears a song.
>
> (CHARLES MADGE)

or

> The creepered wall stands up to hide
> The gathering multitude outside
> Whose glances hunger worsens;
> Concealing from their wretchedness
> Our metaphysical distress,
> Our kindness to ten persons.
>
> (W. H. AUDEN)

or

> O once again the soul-destroying horde
> That first with Attila its frenzy roared
> And now the living world had overrun
> Has howled and fled before the Christian sword
> Of Spain. . . .
>
> (ROY CAMPBELL)

But it is the second quotation which is by far the most typical of the time, expressing as it does a virulent disgust at the writer's personal isolation and a lively desire to understand the "gathering multitude outside" (*cf.* Roy Campbell: "the soul-destroying horde").

WRITING AND PUBLIC ISSUES

Older writers could ignore the ideological issues, for they had trained themselves to do so. The young reacted either with horror or enthusiasm, but in neither case was the result particularly happy. Great English writers have been greatly preoccupied with the public issues of their time (Milton, Byron, Shelley), and there was no obvious reason why the anti-fascist (or pro-fascist) struggle should not have inspired great writing. It may be that it was too close, too overwhelming. The successive barbarian assaults on Rome inspired, so far as I know, nothing but social disintegration. In any case, it is now possible to say with some assurance that neither the prelude to the war nor the war itself has directly produced any literature of importance. Compare an Auden love lyric of 1937 with a polemical chorus from an Auden-Isherwood play of the

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same year. The first lives more beautifully with every passing year; the second is as dead as the patriotic songs of the Crimean War. Few of the "political" writers manage to transcend the immediate issues and perceive the eternal conflict underneath them. (That it was possible to do so, however, was shown by Silone and Malraux on the Continent, by the Anglo-Hungarian, Koestler, in England.)

The last war produced little English literature of merit, and this one has probably produced less. The young poet Sidney Keyes, who was killed in North Africa, was not, for all his real distinction, a Wilfred Owen, and I know of no war novel which has much chance of being read in twenty years' time. Now that the greater part of the war is over, it is important to review our literary position on the threshold of peace.

Art v. the State

To this new situation of peace in Europe there are many different reactions among English writers, but if there is a common feeling anywhere it is the passion *to be left alone.* Nothing arouses such indignation among the sillier and more dogmatic reformers or among the dictatorial pundits of the Right. Yet writers must have freedom and leisure if they are to write well. They must not be forced into social activities for which they have no proclivity or inclination. Some English writers—Cyril Connolly in his sadder moods and Sir Osbert Sitwell in his *Letter to My Son*—see society as a virulently philistine force, with positive suppressive intentions toward the arts. In wartime there was an accumulation of evidence for this point of view. It has been revealed, or rather, shown yet again, that art is not recognized in English society as a legitimate and genuine activity. At best it is a harmless spare-time hobby; at worst it is something subversive and strongly suspect.

Yet the more usual attitude of artists is not perhaps quite so pessimistic as Sir Osbert's, although I think that every reputable artist would fully support the intransigent platform from which his darts are hurled. The more general attitude is that the state is a dangerous and touchy animal which should be left alone as much as possible. It is still very difficult to leave the animal alone, or rather, to be left alone by it, but the artist's ambition is to slip unobtrusively out of its clutches. Nothing could be further from his intention than to cause trouble, either by wearing peculiar clothes or by involving himself in any kind of violent demonstration. He tries now to develop a protective coloring, to walk delicately and in a pin-stripe suit, to refuse on every occasion to be provoked.

Creative writers are inevitably rebels *in their writing.* A work of art is a bombshell, and far more explosive than any infernal machine of the Irish Republican Army. Matthew Arnold wrote that a poem is a criticism of life, and Wilfred Owen meant much the same when he said that "poetry is in the pity." The recognition of this means that writers are returning to their proper function, which is not to cultivate an odd appearance or behavior, not even to lend their pens to the cause of political revolt, but to write. But because the state is hostile, writers have become sly, circumspect and disingenuous. They will not give way one inch on the front which matters (by which I mean that they will never write to please the state), but they will give way everywhere else. They will become as slippery as butter, wriggling out of bureaucratic fingers with fascinating dexterity, to reappear as the serpents in the new regimented Eden.

This situation is nothing for anyone to boast of, but until there is a change of heart in the government and the civil service it is difficult to see how else the artist can behave. Some have found near-artistic activities in such organizations as the BBC, the British Council or the world of documentary films. This compromise, which seems so reasonable, is usually unsatisfactory in its result. A distinguished poet who turns to script-writing for films seldom makes a good script-writer and too often becomes a less distinguished poet.

Yet even here there are hopeful signs. The Arts Council of Great Britain is an obvious and important one. It is also hopeful that Stephen Spender was commissioned to write an official work on Civil Defense. It is hopeful that Herbert Read is now influential in the recently formed Council of Industrial Design, and that some of the best British painters were commissioned as official war artists. Indeed, there *has* been progress, and it would be irresponsible to deny it. Writers will continue to complain, but they are genuinely grateful for the improvement.

So much for the general situation. The particular is far more difficult to describe, if only because these contemporary writers are triumphant at least in this, that they escape categorization.

Eliot and Forster

I shall begin, least invidiously, with the older generation, and inevitably with Eliot. He is not a prolific poet. In fact, there is no such thing today as a prolific poet in the sense that Byron or Keats was prolific. I don't know what the reason for this is, but it may be simply a greater self-consciousness, and consequently a higher standard of self-criticism. (The other day I tried to read *Don Juan,* and was as appalled by its shoddiness as I was impressed by its wit and skill.) Eliot is a superbly self-critical writer, with the result that all his published works are quite literally perfect in achieving their specific intention. He has only published four poems during the last six years, but they are—I accept the current critical verdict—as beautiful as anything he has ever done. Eliot's combination of high anglicanism with a generous political liberalism is something unique in English letters. Indeed, he is unique in almost every way. Not only is he the greatest contemporary English poet, but he seems to be of an altogether different stature from anybody else. His influence has not been large, perhaps because his mind and attitude are too individual to be imitated.

The grand, but alas! silent old man of the novel is still E. M. Forster. He resembles Eliot at least in his uniqueness, and it would be hard to discover any direct Forster influence in the contemporary novel. Nothing could be sadder than this admission, for Forster is the only living giant of English fiction and his books are surely as English as the Primate or Lords Cricket Ground, although, unlike these institutions, they are England recessive rather than England dominant. Not only are his novels a criticism of life, but a deep and thoughtful attack on much that is most sacred to his own class and country. It would be hard to find anywhere in the literature of the last twenty years so rare and satisfying a combination of social criticism

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and high artistic creation. I should have put it the other way round, for Forster is an artist first and his criticism of contemporary society is simply a natural element of his art. There is no novelist of this scale and scope writing today. Elizabeth Bowen must be given pride of place. She is the cleverest of living English writers, but perhaps her cleverness is most apposite in the short story. She shares something of Forster's ability to make an artistic criticism of the contemporary scene, and at her best she is a writer of astonishing brilliance and versatility. At her worst, I should add, one is conscious of something too cerebral, too intellectual, too little felt.

After Eliot, Auden is still, to my mind, by far and away the best of living Anglo-Saxon poets. He is now a naturalized American, but his origins and his poetic expression are profoundly English. Auden's views on life have never been important. Communism was his intellectual hobby in the thirties, as Christianity is today. He has treated both with the same, if such an anomaly is permissable, profound superficiality. I think he has seldom written worse than in his recently published Christmas poem, or better than in his epilogue to "The Tempest" (both of which appeared in the same volume). But it is a sign of the times that Auden has become a Christian, and if there is any general trend among contemporary writers it is this rediscovery of religious truth and emotion, perhaps emotion rather than truth, since the trend seldom leads to any definite system of dogmatic belief. Kathleen Raine is a deservedly prominent poetess and a full-fledged Christian, but there are not very many others.

Greene, Waugh and Others

Among novelists, Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh are both Roman Catholic converts, although that is all that they have in common. Greene is a pessimist and a humanitarian, whose best work is deeply infused with the tragic sense of life. He is, for what the title is worth, the best of the younger English novelists. Waugh is a humorist, and a great humorist. Nothing could be sadder or more wrong-minded than his recent attempt to be something else. He is an able representative of that extreme right wing with which several English writers are flirting. Ten years ago, the poet Roy Campbell was considered an astonishing phenomenon in that he was a poet of real merit who was defiantly close to fascism. Today it is admittedly not fascism which attracts, but that dignified and rather mythical conservatism of country houses and *noblesse oblige*. That most amusing and anglophile of poets, John Betjeman, writes reviews in the *Daily Herald*, but is gayly and openly conservative at heart. This is just what Eliot, for all his love of tradition, has avoided, and, with the best will to generosity in the world, it is hard to feel that it is either a sensible or a productive platform for a creative writer. The extreme Left is not represented much more lavishly. The young poet-novelist, Alex Comfort, leads a slender school of anarchists, but although their sincerity is obvious, any strong or consistent anarchism in their writing is not.

This is an invidious business, this cataloguing of names. In the novel I'd mention Henry Green and, of course, Arthur Koestler, who deserves an article to himself; in poetry, Dylan Thomas, who is even more grudging than Eliot in his output, and George Barker. Stephen Spender is too well known to write of here, but his development is interesting, all the same. Like Auden, he has left communism far behind, but he has not become a Christian. His present position, which shows every sign of permanence, is that very humanism and liberalism from which he marched rashly forward ten years ago. Sympathetic to religion, and deeply appreciative of the religious emotion in art, he is a good representative of all that is sanest and most generous in contemporary writing.

Altogether, there is great literary activity today, and if achievement hardly corresponds to it, at least the activity gives hope for the future. Yet it is impossible for more than a score of English writers to live on their creative writing. It is not, one must say it again, a recognized function in society, as it was, for example, in the society of Athens in the fifth century. Nearly all English writers are obliged to be civil servants or engine drivers as well, and this, for all that Trollope is hurled in one's teeth, is deplorable. England only honors her writers after they are dead and canonized, and Keats would live as poorly now as he did more than a hundred years ago. The future of English writing lies with the public almost as much as with the writers themselves. For writers cannot write in a vacuum: part of the function of writing is to be read, and to be read widely. Failing governmental support—and it will be failing—a hungry and adventurous reading public can solve the writer's very real problem. He must be a whole-time writer, or he will not write his best. The public can allow him this if they will buy his books generously and read them intelligently.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

Philip Toynbee, critic and novelist, is the son of Arnold Toynbee, the British historian. His article originally appeared in a slightly longer version in First Spring of Peace *(London), from which it is reprinted with permission.* —THE EDITORS

Grandeur and Decadence

Balzac, by Stefan Zweig. Translated by William and Dorothy Rose. New York: The Viking Press. 404 pages. $3.75.

IT IS FITTING that Balzac, who taught so many lesser writers the trick of harnessing literary energy to commercial enterprise, should now be the hero of a Book-of-the-Month. It is harder to explain why Henry James, who refused to master that particular lesson, should none the less have venerated Balzac. Was it because the French master had so confidently made himself at home in that very territory which the American abandoned—the province of big money, wildcat promotion, political skulduggery? None of our own novelists, assuredly, has provided us with so concrete and comprehensive a guide to the Gilded Age. Consequently the *Comédie Humaine* was translated, reprinted and marketed in this country on a scale commensurate with the industry of César Birotteau, the acumen of the Baron de Nucingen and the super-salesmanship of the Great Gaudissart. Any second-hand bookshop attests this vogue—as well as the fact that it has long been over. Today, no longer readers of Balzac, we read about him. We thereby reverse the paradoxical circumstances of his career, which was richer—as Victor Hugo said—"in works

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than days," which made his novels—as Stefan Zweig adds—"surrogates for reality."

Balzac's real biography, says Zweig, is contained in his books. The continued story they tell was not an escape for him, but rather a means of fulfilment. Fantasy, somehow combining with his remarkable gifts for detailed observation and large-scale organization, gave nineteenth-century realism its grandest monument. Ironically, when we haven't time enough to contemplate it, our curiosity is diverted back to its author: to a man whose life was almost wholly taken up with his writing. Even his countrymen seem willing to exchange biography for a romanticized life; a notorious "life" of Balzac by René Benjamin was the first of a best-selling series of novelized biographies. It does not clarify the confusion between fact and fiction to learn that the late Stefan Zweig felt a special affinity for the subject. Perhaps it was the attraction of opposites that drew so derivative and neurasthenic a talent to such a spontaneous and full-bodied genius. Zweig's own autobiography, we learn from the recently published memoirs of his former wife, was not altogether candid. Nor were his stories completely realized. His peculiar flair was for what might be called the Stanislavsky method in literature. Identifying himself with richer existences, he relived their parts with protean skill, and gave an impoverished generation of readers the illusion that they too were living richly. This was to have been his major performance.

HENCE the chapter where Zweig portrays Balzac in the throes of composition is especially poignant; it is like Paul Muni decanting a test-tube or Don Ameche composing a symphony. With the actual products of Balzac's labors Zweig shows little concern, and his critical judgments are all too perfunctory. He documents Balzac's school days, perhaps a shade too darkly, by quoting from *Louis Lambert*; but he has no use for *Modeste Mignon*, the entertaining novel inspired by a fan letter from the Polish countess who was finally to become Madame Balzac. It is indeed surprising that a friend and fellow townsman of Freud's should not pay more attention to the correlations between actual experience and imaginative projection. Nor is much emphasis placed, by way of compensation, on historical background; one could finish the book without becoming aware that Balzac held serious and often original opinions in the spheres of politics, religion and science. In short, the present biographer contents himself with tracing, smoothly and firmly, an old-fashioned narrative line through Balzac's fifty crowded years. That personal chronicle divides itself neatly between love affairs and financial operations. And, if money was Balzac's main preoccupation during his lifetime, it is sex which engages and sustains the interest of his retrospective followers.

Here Zweig is both shrewd and sympathetic. The pattern he sketches begins with an antagonistic mother, and proceeds through a fading sequence of older women, including a pair of motherly duchesses. Social climbing runs parallel to erotic adventure, and reaches its climax with the Countess Hanska's consent to marry Balzac, virtually upon his deathbed. Of this complex—though scarcely delicate—relationship Zweig offers a consistent and balanced account. He is equally scrupulous in dealing with Balzac's debts and business transactions, though slightly pharisaical

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in his tone toward Balzac's efforts to keep the pot boiling. A characteristic metaphor is thus applied to a loan: ". . . the juicy morsel was not set before the hungry man before it had been thickly sprinkled with salt and pepper." This savors, comfortably but irrelevantly, of *Wienerschnitzel*. And though Zweig discusses Balzac's working habits under the heading of "Black Coffee," one thinks of a Viennese demi-tasse with whipped cream and plenty of sugar. Unquestionably there is something repellent about Balzac—his coarse fiber, his driving egoism, his Gargantuan megalomania. Zweig, on the other hand, is a fragile and touching figure—hypercivilized, utterly deracinated, at a loss to find a Brazilian counterpart for the bookshops and cafés of a Middle Europe which has ceased to enjoy them.

YET UNAVOIDABLY his posthumous book reminds us that an enervating century has passed since the completion of Balzac's last and greatest work, *Les Parents Pauvres*. To his gross output, multiplied by reprints and translations, has been added a whole library of secondary studies; Royce's bibliography, as of 1928, lists more than 4,000 items. Zweig, a lifelong collector of Balzaciana, must have familiarized himself with much of this material. He was prevented, by cutting short his own life, from making a fuller contribution to the subject. This *Balzac* is more substantially rounded than his earlier impressionistic essay, but it is hardly the projected *magnum opus* described by his editor, Richard Friedenthal. At least three German Balzacians have gone far beyond this: Anton Bettelheim in a critical biography, Ernst Robert Curtius in a philosophical study and Hugo von Hofmannsthal in two interpretative essays. But, as it happens, English treatments of Balzac are mostly specialized or out of date. Zweig's accomplished translators have therefore filled a current need; while appendices and illustrations eke out a pleasant volume. Errors are kept down to a trivial minimum, hard to avoid with so large a cast of characters. Lack of an index suggests that the publishers do not expect this book to be consulted for reference.

In one respect, and certainly no other, Stefan Zweig is comparable to Upton Sinclair. Both are prolific writers of no great distinction whose worldwide reputation has been vastly overinflated. Otherwise they are as far apart as a primitive and a decadent can be. Sinclair, for all his crudity, remains a vital force because he sensed and projected genuine issues which are still alive. Zweig, with all his sophistication, will soon be forgotten because his writing was never more than an adroit pastiche of other literature and history. Long before he was exiled his world was dead. One recalls, with a vengeance, Irving Babbitt's invidious maxim: "America is where Europe goes when it dies." This, on both sides, we should be reluctant to admit; nor should we be anxious to apply Balzac's term, "mediocracy," to our increasingly synthetic culture. But, confronted with his volcanic creativity, compared with his depiction of the middle class in its heroic phase, our epoch must goggle dwarflike at a giant. To reread him, even to reconsider him at second hand, is to note the difference between creation and imitation, between first-hand art and consummate *kitsch*, between the rugged achievements of capitalist expansion and what Cyril Connolly has recently termed "Inflationary Decadence."

HARRY LEVIN

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Calling All Couriers

The Mass Psychology of Fascism, by Wilhelm Reich, M.D. Translated by Theodore P. Wolf, M.D. New York: Orgone Institute Press. 344 pages. $4.50.

They were free to choose whether they wanted to be kings or the couriers of kings. Like children, they all wanted to be couriers. That is why there are now nothing but couriers. They race through the world and, since there are no kings, they call to one another their messages which have become senseless.

IN THIS little story the poet Kafka illustrates a state of mind prevalent in our time: the shirking of active political responsibility in favor of important-sounding but empty words.

After the First World War the German intellectuals rationalized and generalized their defeat by the spurious but widely accepted speculation of a whole "decline of the West." Wilhelm Reich, in his *Mass Psychology of Fascism*, goes Spengler one better: "Hitler as a political genius was a magnificent unmasking of the essence of politics in general." Since Nazi politics was bad, Reich pleads for "the abolition of politics" altogether.

For Reich politics and demagogy are equally bad. He advocates a "renunciation and rejection of any kind of politics and demagogy." Instead, "What is necessary is that the determination of the social process be given over to the natural life functions."

Evidently Reich believes that in this country the soil is well prepared for his message: "In the United States, for example, the doings of the politicians have brought about a rather general realization that the politician is a cancer in the body social. . . . Today, in 1945, hatred of politics, based on well known facts, has become more or less general. . . . All attempts to reach the masses politically are bound to fail. . . . In America the hatred of politiciandom and the insight into its social harmfulness is quite general."

When a scientist writes a book against politics in these times it is a serious matter. It is even more serious when, like Reich, he not only writes an apology for this anti-political attitude but also furnishes for it an elaborate rationalization.

REICH is a psychoanalyst who has been working and writing for more than a quarter of a century. Opinions about him are divided. There are those who consider his position in science peripheral, not to say eccentric. Others see him as one who provides a progressive and revolutionary psychology. In my opinion Reich's book is typical of widely prevalent reactionary trends in current psychopathology: exaggeration of the individual and the biological, misconception or neglect of the social and historical, and a pseudo-objectivity which under the guise of studying the repressive forces of the individual capitulates before the oppressive forces of society. This book, therefore, is a symptom of more than academic interest.

A book reviewer, like a psychiatrist, should do more than look for what is wrong. It is his task to search for positive aspects and for the historical development of the results before him.

In the first period of his work, Reich, as is amply shown by his early writings, was one of the most brilliant psycho-

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analysts in Vienna. From 1922 to 1930 he was assistant and then acting director of the Psychoanalytic Clinic there. From 1928 until 1933 he worked in Vienna and Berlin in free clinics established to give advice on sex problems. Particularly noteworthy were his clinical contributions to the study of character formation from the psychoanalytic point of view. In his monograph *The Function of the Orgasm* he added to our knowledge of a neglected phase of the psychology of sex. His contributions to psychoanalytic technique were widely accepted.

In his next period, Reich occupied himself with the social problems with which any consistent development of psychoanalysis finds itself inevitably confronted. He did not evade these questions, as many psychoanalysts do. Nor did he—as is fashionable—say "cultural" when what has to be faced is social and economic. He was one of the first psychoanalysts to study Marx. Some of his writings on the subject of Marx and Freud contain valuable formulations. But, as is true of almost all analysts who have written on Marxism, his treatment of socio-economic questions was so formal that their concrete meaning suffered.

While emphasizing correctly the harmful results of the suppression of sex in our society, Reich went to the extreme of seeing in the sexual liberation of youth a lever for revolutionary political advancement of the masses. However, as Bernard Shaw long since pointed out in an article on sexual reform, it is an error "to think that what makes for liberty in one thing will make for liberty in all things." Youth certainly does need liberation from threats and restrictions. But to look at the world from the point of view of orgasm, as Reich does, does not mean helping the adolescent—it means looking at the world through the eyes of an adolescent. Neither the radical political parties nor the psychoanalytic movement looked with favor on these views. Reich was excluded from both.

In his further work Reich developed the point of view culminating in this book. His present condemnation of all politics is a rebound from his previous revolutionary attitude. Now

> the native hue of *revolution*
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Reich describes well the irrationality of our time. But he draws from it irrational conclusions. In endless repetitions he plays on the theme that the masses are not capable of freedom. "The incapacity for social freedom is physiologically anchored in the human organism. . . . To define freedom is the same as to define sexual health."

Freedom, however, is not a hygienic but a political concept. The human race could no more survive without politics than it could without sex. One cannot negate politics without negating history. Reich seems to think that by changing words one can change historical facts. Instead of "industrial work" he proposes to say "vitally necessary work." To substitute "working individual" for "proletarian" does not abolish the proletariat. Reich believes that such a verbal change "eliminates a chasm which has done so much to disrupt working human society." In his new terminology "class consciousness" becomes "work consciousness" or "social responsibility." "Consciousness" becomes "dynamic structure," "needs" become "orgonotic

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instinctual processes," "tradition" appears as "biological and characterological rigidity." The terms "communistic," "socialistic," etc., are abolished. This is of course nothing new. It is exactly what the fascists preach.

Part of this book remains as it was in previous editions. Other parts seem to have been changed to an opposite meaning. That makes much of the text unclear. But what stands out from all the biological obfuscation is an utter contempt for the masses: "that typical structure of the masses which is expressed in their longing for authority, their mysticism and their incapacity for freedom."

In this whole book, allegedly devoted to the mass psychology of fascism, nothing is said about gas chambers, extermination camps or death factories. The masses are described as having lost their social spontaneity through the inhibition of their sexual life. What about the methods of terror by which they were bludgeoned into submission? Far from answering these key problems of mass psychology, Reich conceals them.

The success of Hitler's propaganda was not due, as Reich claims, to "the authoritarian, freedom-fearing structure of the people." On the contrary, the Nazis deliberately and skillfully played on the people's desire for freedom. Then as soon as they were in power they acted the way Reich talks.

Of Reich's Marxism little remains but a verbal shell. He wants to rebuild society on the three pillars of "love, work and knowledge." He considers these as "natural life functions" and as non-political. He fails to see that these very words could be used as political slogans hiding a very dubious content by an élite who want to lord it over the masses. That is actually how he himself uses them and that is why this book can only have the effect of confusing and disarming liberals and progressives.

REICH writes with great feeling about the little man running wild. But behind his own condemnation of politics there is really a fear of politics. And behind this fear lies the common fear of the middle-class man who is afraid of losing his little place in the big economic machinery:

> God keep the Squire and his relations
> And keep us in our proper stations.

It is interesting—not to say alarming—how he fits psychoanalysis into his politicophobia. One of his early lectures was attended by a Russian professor who questioned the validity of the Oedipus complex. Reich now writes triumphantly: "Fourteen years later his comrades were being killed by the hordes of Führer-subservient machine men." Does he really want us to believe that more extensive cultivation of psychoanalysis and belief in the Oedipus complex would have saved the Russians from Nazi aggression?

The burden of Reich's attack is turned against Russia. He adds psychoanalytic embellishments to the now so familiar theme of the Yogi and the bogey. It seems to him that there must be something wrong with the sexual life of the Russians. There is little evidence in the book that Reich has studied the literature on the Russian struggle for progress in the sphere of *mores*, such as for example the Russian Middletown, Gajdansk. Instead he makes sweeping

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condemnations, joining the chorus of those who want us to believe that there are two sharply divided worlds: the good and the bad, free enterprise and five-year plans, Kreml and Kremlin.

Psychoanalytic theorizing can have sense only in the service of action. The moment psychiatry goes beyond the remedying of individual suffering and progresses toward prevention, it *becomes* politics. The general exclusion of politics which Reich advocates means that a special kind of politics comes in by the back door. Not to realize this is a fault common not only to psychiatrists but also to intellectuals in general. It leads to passivity, fancied neutrality, hyper-individualism, flight into sexuality and belief in mere words. How many messages have the couriers exchanged about the theories of how the German people have to be re-educated! Yet now, at the time of action, they leave it all to the military, who rule the country according to the theme song, "To Each His Zone."

Reich's book encourages the evasion of real social problems. For intellectuals in our time action—any kind of action—seems to be difficult. But could they not, each in his special sphere, be it science, literature or journalism, use their technical knowledge to combat the kind of psycho-fascism which Reich's book exemplifies? Calling all couriers!

FREDERIC WERTHAM

Life without Principle

Kaputt, by Curzio Malaparte. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 407 pages. $3.75.

IN A MOMENT of almost startled introspection, Curzio Malaparte, apparently still not quite believing it, said to a German princess: "I sometimes think that I, too, am partly responsible for what is now taking place in Europe." Since Malaparte, a playboy of Italian fascism, participated in Mussolini's march on Rome and fought for the Blackshirts in Florence, was a Fascist journalist of note and a specially favored Axis war correspondent, who numbered among his intimates such choice souls as Ciano and the butcher of Poland, Governor Hans Frank, this remark, which he says he made in Potsdam in 1942, would seem to be a triumph of understatement. It is, however, the sort of thing which gives *Kaputt* its unwholesome fascination and its undoubted importance.

Despite an occasional sojourn in Mussolini's jails and a disclaimer of sympathy for his Nazi friends, there is no denying that Malaparte is an extremely dubious and unhealthy character. It is even hard to dispute that *Kaputt* is an untrustworthy book which, despite his protestations, contains as much fiction as fact. Indeed, I doubt that a single incident in it can be taken as possessing literal truth. What is important is that the whole leering, grimacing, corrupt and degenerate picture he paints of Fascist Europe before the tide had turned against it has, whatever the inventions and the arrogant fancies he may have added to it, an inescapable inner truth. The details may be lies, but the total effect is but too hideously and decadently true.

Ironically, *Kaputt* is a more valuable and revealing book than its author realizes. In it, he is so busily engaged in showing what a remarkable fellow he is, with his charm, wit and courage, his contempt for those who are taken in

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by the illusions of fascism, his knowledge of the great and his intimacy with the powerful, and, above all, his great cultural sophistication, that he gives himself away. His joy in sadism is too great, his relish in the decadent too evident and his delight in evil too obvious. The more he protests that he suffered imprisonment under fascism and has risen above it, the clearer it is that he is a true child of its spirit. One of the makers and creatures of the Fascist era, he has persuaded himself that he is guiltless of its horrors.

The terrible thing is that he is not only sure of his innocence but has apparently convinced the gullible—or could it be culpable?—gentlemen of the Allied occupation forces of his rectitude, since it is reported that for two years he has been a liaison officer attached to the American high command in Italy. In short, he is just the type of unprincipled opportunist that is most cherished and given advancement by our policy makers abroad, in their blind conviction that they are propping up the respectable elements as a shield against communism. It is a chastening thought that from Spain eastward to Japan, men like Malaparte are regarded by American policy as representing the future of both Europe and Asia.

It is the potential value of a book which revels in cruelty, lust, decadence, rottenness and general depravity that its author, in the firm conviction that he is proving his superiority to the diseased world in which he had happily participated, unconsciously gives the show away by his arrogant boastfulness. As much as he may have hoodwinked the Allied Military Government authorities by his protestations of innocence, his frantic exhibitionism in *Kaputt* is so flagrant that the mask is torn from his face and his essential indecency stands exposed. He reveals the evil flowering of European fascism with vivid and memorable skill, but in the process he and his kind are also shown as characteristic examples of its noxious flora. The thought of turning Europe over to such men under the guise of democracy should be unthinkable.

No one who reads *Kaputt* is likely to forget for a long time its nightmare episodes. The Croat Pavelich and his basket of partisans' eyes; Russian prisoners being tested for literacy and those able to read executed; Jewish girls in Rumania forced into prostitution for twenty days and then shot; Himmler in a Finnish bathhouse; the Russian boy's guess concerning the German general's glass eye; the visit to the Warsaw ghetto with Max Schmeling and Frank when Frank gayly took a rifle-shot at a fleeing Jewish child; the pogrom in Jassy—such episodes do make up what Malaparte fancies as "a horribly gay and gruesome book." But the horror and the gruesomeness arise less from the evil of the things described than from the unspeakable quality of the author himself.

There is no denying that Curzio Malaparte is a skillful writer. He can not only provide macabre incidents that capture the obscenity of a diseased political system, but can catch the whole nauseating spirit of Franco's Spain in the character of the Spanish Ambassador to Finland or the magnitude of postwar Poland's problems in Frank's boast of the use he has made of the Polish clergy and aristocracy. *Kaputt*, both consciously and unconsciously, is less "horribly gay" than horribly illuminating. RICHARD WATTS JR.

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The Big City

Battle for Chicago, by Wayne Andrews. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 358 pages. $3.75.

Personal history of financial titans is always fascinating. Wayne Andrews has written an absorbing book about the titans of Chicago, focused upon the high drama of the current newspaper duel between Marshall Field's *Sun* and Robert R. McCormick's *Tribune*. The first Marshall Field lent Joseph Medill the money to acquire control of the *Tribune*; now his socially conscious grandson has returned to Chicago to challenge the morning monopoly of Medill's grandson and do ideological battle with the New York and Washington branches of the McCormick-Patterson axis.

That makes a convenient peg for the book, but an unnecessary one. The real story Andrews has to tell is the fabulous account of the great fortunes and families of Chicago—the McCormicks, Medills, Armours, Swifts, Pullmans, Fields and the rest. Inevitably it is a sketchy story—some might even say superficial—yet a gripping one, skillfully written, carefully constructed and full of anecdote.

"Chicago," said the novelist Henry B. Fuller, "is the only great city in the world to which all its citizens have come for the avowed object of making money." Those who rose to dominance after the Civil War did so by their talent for money-making, whether they applied the art with the smooth elegance and supreme sense of righteousness of the first Marshall Field or with the rough morality of P. D. Armour and George M. Pullman.

Given the possession of admitted abilities in merchandising, meat packing, land speculation, exchange gambling and construction, these early titans could not lose. Insull would not have lost had he lived in their generation. His colossal crash—huge and frightening like most things in Chicago—symbolized the passing of the day when limitless wealth protected men from the mistakes of their own overexpansion.

Chicago, like most cities, has not yet adjusted itself to the end of frontier conditions. Its owning families, now sharing power with a new generation of managerial ministers, have left some imposing monuments and a spectacular lake front. But can they muster the vision and coöperative

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skill to rebuild a new Chicago on the rotting ruins of the old? It is one thing to create a place to make money, quite another to build a great place to live for all the people.

Andrews draws no social conclusions of his own, but they are implicit. One is impressed, as always, with the vast power built up by the relentless accumulation of wealth during the nineteenth century; and equally so with the incalculable consequences of the transmission of that power through inheritance to persons totally unqualified to exercise it. When the accident of birth, reinforced by the blackjacks of a Max Annenberg's circulation thugs, can give a Bertie McCormick more than a million readers and a veto power over the Republican Party of Illinois—one marvels at the resilience of a democracy which can roll with such punches.

ROBERT LASCH

Some Recent British Novels

MERVYN PEAKE's *Titus Groan* (Reynal and Hitchcock, $3) is subtitled "A Gothic Novel," which must intend to identify it with the sophisticated horrors of Anne Radcliffe and Horace Walpole. But their books were an aspect of a contemporary interest in the Gothic revival, the craze for the medieval and, associated with this, the concept of romantic violence and grand impunities later parodied by the Byronic display. In a time, however, when swagger and crime are celebrated by the detective story, Peake's novel is an archaic curiosity, but one expertly contrived and worth attention on its own terms.

It is characteristic of such a book that a great deal of the effect depends on the setting and atmosphere; the stage is more important than the actors; it is a drama of props. This novel opens with the birth of Titus Groan on a date outside time, at Gormenghast, a fantastic castle not to be located on any map, and closes at his succession to the property as seventy-seventh Earl, on the mysterious disappearance of his father a year or so later. In a book of 430 closely printed pages concerned with the excesses of emotion, with calculated horrors, madness, arson and murder, it is surprising how little one is impressed by what happens. That is because among the decorative grotesques who inhabit Gormenghast there is the relationship of inmates in a madhouse rather than members of a community. The life of the castle conforms, hour by hour, to an ancient ritual, and the persons who live there merely pass and brush against one another according to their positions in an elaborate ceremonial. Their relations are, rather, with the place (in fact, they seem extensions of the architecture) and with the sinister animal life of the neighborhood: flocks of owls, or even more exotic birds, packs of hounds or wild white cats. As characters, their actions are abortive, their responses muted. It is as if the whole spectacle took place under water. So that at the end of the book everyone is pretty much where he began. In fact, Peake creates a suspense and maintains an illusion so exclusively by non-human efforts that when the book closes it is not a story that has ended but a spell that is broken.

The events in Rumer Godden's *The River* (Little, Brown, $2) occur during "a war; this war, the last war, any war, it does not matter which war," because they are a record of that interim in a little girl's life at the end of childhood when an acute consciousness of self is the beginning of adolescence. Harriet is an English child who lives with her family in a large house by the side of a river "in Bengal, India, but for the purposes of this book . . . it might as easily have been a river in America, in Europe, in . . . Timbuctoo." Having more or less dispensed with the particulars of time and place, Miss Godden limits her range to that of the child. The adult world is absent. Even Harriet's brothers and sisters exist largely as beings to whom she compares herself. The old nurse looms in the center of the nursery as the arbiter of common sense, which she deals out in oracular simple sentences.

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While becoming aware of life, Harriet is also discovering a poetic talent, so that in this double adventure the poor child is under something of a strain. It is only to be expected that the wanderings of her mind, her reveries, vague guesses, snatches at intimations, recorded in broken sentences, sound sometimes like a baby talk of universals. But when little Harriet gets over the growing pains she will closely resemble Rumer Godden, who writes a deft, exiguous prose enlivened by insight and observation. *The River* is the work of a delicate sensibility, nurtured on other delicate sensibilities, which finds the innocent, unintellectual, amorphous mind of a child adequately receptive to complex experience and an appropriate medium for subtle impressions. Readers who are not bored should be charmed.

When a party of sightseers from a tropical resort hotel visit a cave one hot afternoon, a slight earth tremor dumps a wall of rock in their exit. They are trapped in the dark with a picnic basket full of champagne, scotch and rye. Facing probable death, certainly a long wait, they get speedily drunk and their true selves start coming up like their lunches. The revelations form a series of character sketches, as each shady international figure steps forward to speak his piece. Such is the simple plan of Gerald Kersh's *The Weak and the Strong* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50).

The party splits, unconsciously, into two groups. The first suddenly see their lives as they are, finished, corrupt. They understand where they went wrong and how they could be redeemed, how, given the chance, they *will* atone. The others fail to comprehend death and, thus, to understand their lives. They don't want a new life, only a greedy more. When they finally escape, most of them continue as before, with a kind of doubled gusto. In case the reader should miss the "symbols and analogies," Kersh sums it all up on the last page, but by that time it's too late. Whatever he intended doing, he didn't do it. His intentions are too explicit; his characters too sketchy, too commonplace. It's the mere skeleton of a book. The corpse is Hemingway's.

The hero of Nigel Balchin's *Mine Own Executioner* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is a fashionable London lay analyst, and the book cuts across his career to include several case histories of his patients, one of which ends in tragedy. Throughout all this, the analyst is focusing a professional eye on his butter-fingered wife. His annoyance when she breaks a glass or overturns a bowl of flowers he interprets as sexual boredom, which almost precipitates a divorce.

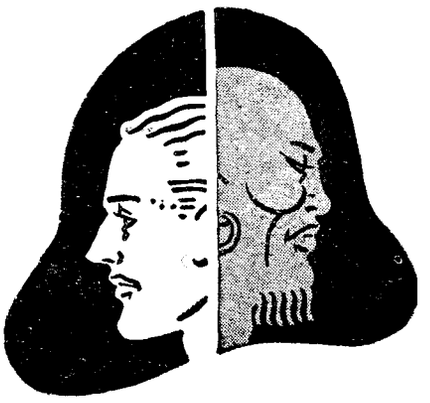
Even if Balchin were a better writer, it is doubtful if this would have been a successful book. In the first place, a psychiatrist in his professional role must be too impersonal to furnish the protagonist for a novel, and in the second, the case histories of his patients remain stories within stories, unassimilated to the structure of the plot. It may be hoped, incidentally, that this book doesn't help to break the ice for a flood of novels about psychiatry similar to the flood of doctor-hospital fiction.

JOHN FARRELLY

Worth Reprinting

NOTHING confesses more to the aridity of the literary era through which we are now passing (one hopes) than the flood of reprints which continues without abatement. No publishing house, large or small, commercial or experimental, is without its reprint series. Indeed, one of the most successful publishing ventures in recent years—Ben Zevin's World Publishing Company—is based almost entirely on popularly priced reissues. Among the relative newcomers in the field, World's Living Library, Dial's Permanent Library and Viking's Portable Library are outstanding.

The first twelve titles in the Living Library range from Plato's *Republic* to Howard Fast's *Citizen Tom Paine*. At $1 the books are bargains, although one is tempted to say in spite of rather than because of the generally superfluous illustrations and introductions. James T. Farrell's preface to *Anna Karenina* and Alexander Dobkin's drawings for *Nana* are exceptions. The Permanent Library has recently added *The Short Novels of Tolstoy* and *The Short Stories of*



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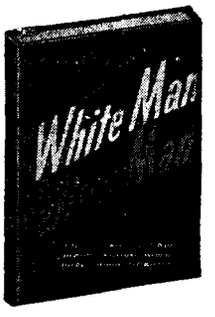

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Dostoevsky ($4 each), edited and introduced by Philip Rahv and William Phillips respectively. Among recent additions to the Portable Library, Alfred Kazin's *Blake* ($2) is notable for the breadth of the selections and the depth of the introduction.

New Directions, which had earlier launched The Poets of the Year Series (Poets of the Month until a book club objected), The Makers of Modern Literature Series and The New Classics, now turns up with The Selected Writings Series. Priced at $3.50, reflecting the steadily rising cost of books even in the reprint field, its first selection is from the poetry and prose of the young Welshman, Dylan Thomas. In addition to selections from Thomas' earlier verse, his short stories and sections of his autobiography, it contains the first American publication of *Deaths and Entrances*, the most important single book of poetry in years. The introduction by John L. Sweeney sets a standard that one can only hope will be matched in the volumes on Henry Miller, Boris Pasternak and Jean Cocteau which New Directions announces for early publication. G. M.

New Republic News

Coals-to-Newcastle Department: Betty MacDonald, author of *The Egg and I*, recently made an odd request of Henry Wallace. She asked him to send her some eggs.

• • •

With all the big preparations being made for the December 16 issue of the *NR*, the first to be put out under Wallace's direction, our printers have been working at a killing pace. Besides the tedious job of setting type and proofreading, they have to work swiftly and with complete accuracy on the details of makeup which readers seldom think about—inserting reset lines, spacing out heads, justifying the columns of text, tooling cartoon cuts so that their lines appear absolutely clean in print. In addition to all this work on the regular issue, they have been wonderfully coöperative in setting up sample pages in our forthcoming new type face. The staff sends its heartfelt thanks to these gentlemen, particularly Jake Groezinger, Fred Dickhaut and Morris Freed, day, assistant and night foremen respectively; Willie Anthony, day make-up man; Eddie Cavanaugh, stereotype foreman; Andy Werth, proofreader (who's just completed 50 years' membership in the New York Typographical Union); John Ruemer, Yale D. Steinberg, John Chisholm and Edward Hennefreund, linotypers; Charlie Miller, the night makeup man; John Van den Eden, ad man; and Ben Greason, linotype machinist, without whose skill we couldn't operate at all. And last but not least, our efficient apprentice and pickup boy, Michael Licato, who also has to prove up the dozen sets of weekend page proofs on Friday night.

The expanding program of the *NR* has precipitated, among other things, a problem measured in square feet and chafed elbows. There just isn't enough *Lebensraum*. One poor wretch in particular, a writer, had five different typewriters snatched from him in one day. Conditioned to this kind of deprivation, he snarls as nervously as Pavlov's dogs at the mere approach of friends and strangers alike.

• • •

In his article of October 21 entitled "Civil Liberties in the Soviet Union," Harold J. Laski stated incorrectly that Kirov was assassinated after the promulgation of the Soviet Constitution. Actually, Kirov was assassinated some two years earlier, on December 1, 1934.

• • •

Harry Levin is an associate professor of English Literature at Harvard. His most recent work is a critical study of Stendhal, published in the magazine *Pharos*, distributed by New Directions.

Frederic Wertham is president of the Association for the Advancement of Psychotherapy and Senior Psychiatrist of the New York Department of Hospitals. He is the author of *The Brain as an Organ* and *Dark Legend: A Study in Murder*.

Robert Lasch is the chief editorial writer for the Chicago *Sun*. He is the author of *Breaking the Building Blockade*, published by the University of Chicago Press.

John Farrelly has reviewed books for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the New York *Times Book Review* and the *New Republic*.

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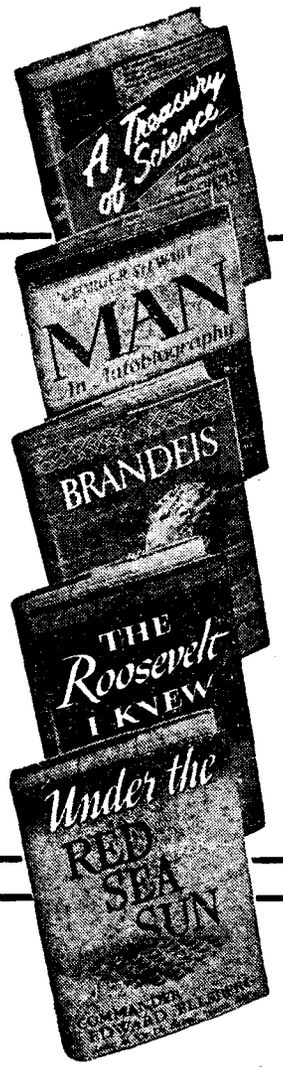

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